OCTOBER 3
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NEW MASSES

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MEET MRS. LUCE

An interview with the Gentlewoman from Connecticut

by VIRGINIA GARDNER

MY VOTE—AND WHY

Prominent Americans discuss their presidential choice and tell their reasons. A symposium: ***William Rose Benet, Upton Sinclair, Lt. Comdr. Charles S. Seely (USN, ret.), Theodore Dreiser, John Erskine, Max Weber, Waldo Frank, and others.***

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: **AXIS HEADWAY IN BRAZIL, by Martin T. Brown; DESTINY IN A BALLOT-BOX: Joseph North covers the Garden meeting for FDR held by America's cultural leaders; THE PROFILE OF A GERMAN WORKER; Samuel Sillen reviews Albert Maltz' new novel; I MEET A FEW MORE FUEHRERS, by A. B. Magil; ERIC AMBLER IN PERSON: Joseph Foster interviews the master of the murder story.**

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

IT'S probably the nostalgia of increasing age, but every year we get more reminiscent as the seasons change. Right now we have a yen for yellow chrysanthemums, red oak leaves, and bright asters, which makes us remember, somehow, that they're all tied up with our love for football. Like those times when you rushed out of class, the last of the afternoon, and you got to the stadium breathless, but you saw the kick-off. More often than not it was a fall day when everything seemed almost too perfect—clear, cold air that would have made you shiver inside your coat if you hadn't been so excited; a blue sky, never before quite so deep or vivid; yelling, with a sandpaper throat to remind you next day. And then the weary satisfaction, after it was over, going home in the dusk, hungrier than usual for that dinner you knew you'd soon eat.

We haven't been to a football game in a long time, but we sneaked a look at the sports pages the other day to find out what went on. With Pride in Family department—we noted that Pauli Robeson, son of our contributing editor, played his first varsity game on Saturday, and not to be outdone by his illustrious father, who was an All-American, scored Cornell's first touchdown of the season. Young Robeson, not yet seventeen, is a freshman at Cornell, plays end, and helped stack up his University's score of thirty-nine to six against Syracuse.

We're glad that our sports continue—men at the front read about them avidly—and we're waiting to welcome back those former football players who are far off, winding up the fourth quarter against a tougher line than they've yet seen. There's a lot about it that's different. For one thing, we wouldn't look up at the stars, just beginning to come out, on a twilight walk home from a game and say: "What a miracle that pass worked!" Now, on the all-important gridiron of war, we know it'll work.

AS FURIOUS fighting brings ever closer the end of the European phase of the war, the major problem of the future of Germany takes on immediate proportions in the minds of the world's peoples. Several weeks ago NM published two articles—"What about Germany?" by Hans Berger, and "Keys to Lasting Peace," by R. Palme Dutt. Both discussed the fundamentals of the problem; each made certain suggestions.

We will publish, in an early issue, a symposium dealing with these questions—"What To Do With Germany?"—a full expression of ideas. Included are writers whose specialty is the German problem. Louis Nizer, prominent lawyer, author of *What To Do With Germany;* Professor Albert Guerard, of the English department of Stanford University, author of *The France Tomorrow* and other works; Luigi Sturzo, distinguished Italian anti-fascist, and a founder of the Christian Democratic Party of Italy; Albert Schreiner, who wrote *Hitler's War Machine,* among other books; William Jay Schieffelin, member of the Council for a Democratic Germany; Lion Feuchtwanger, internationally famous anti-fascist German novelist; J. Alvarez del Vayo, Foreign Minister of Republican Spain, editor Political War section of the "Nation." John Stuart, NM's foreign editor, will comment on the discussion.

THANKS for the soldiers' letters we've had re our request. We'll begin a feature on them soon. We'd like more, too, to keep the record timely.

THIS is a year when one's *got* to know, and never mind the indecision. Have you registered for the coming election? We won't take space to tell you how to do it—if you're in doubt, find out through local headquarters of your union. But *find out* and don't miss those crucial, final days—October 9-14—when community election districts will be open. If you don't want to wait, there are central offices, in the meantime. If you work at night, be sure you take note of the hours provided for you.

LOTS of people liked Wilma Shore's article on the slicks, a few weeks ago. Her analysis was hard-hitting and in the right spots, they felt—writers particularly responded. They had noticed the trends she mentioned, felt they ought to do something about it themselves, and never bothered much because they hadn't thought it through clearly. There is more material from the West Coast on tap which will be published shortly.

M. DEA.

NEW MASSES
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My Vote—And Why A Symposium 3
Meet Mrs. Luce Virginia Gardner 6
Flirting with the Axis Martin T. Brown . . . 9
I Meet a Few More Fuehrers A. B. Magil . . 12
Gropper's Cartoon 13
Destiny in the Ballot Box Joseph North . . . 15
Can We Put Science to Work? II Harry Grundfest 17
Editorial Comment 19
Book Reviews: The Cross and the Arrow, by Albert Maltz: Samuel Sillen; One Man's Meat, by E. B. White: David McKelvey White; The Day Is Coming, by William Cameron: Clifford Hallam . . 23
Eric Ambler—In Person Joseph Foster . . . 28
"Thunder Rock" Reviewed by J. F. 29
"While the Sun Shines" Reviewed by Harry Taylor 30
Records Samuel Sillen 30

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NEW MASSES

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MY VOTE—AND WHY

Leading Americans Tell How They Will Mark Their Ballots and Give Their Reasons

In this election year we shall be deciding not only who will be our next President and Vice-President, but what role our country will play in building a durable structure of peace and prosperity for ourselves and all mankind. In order to promote discussion of the issues and candidates, NEW MASSES *invited a number of prominent citizens to participate in a symposium. The questions asked were: (1) Which candidates for President and Vice President are you supporting in this election? (2) What are your reasons for supporting this ticket? A number of replies answering these questions follow. Additional replies will appear in later issues of* NEW MASSES. *—The Editors.*

William Rose Benet

Poet and Critic

IN REPLY to your questionnaire, I agree that the presidential election this year is of great importance, as is the election of a Congress with less men in it who are petty and blind and prejudiced.

I am therefore voting for Franklin D. Roosevelt for President and for Senator Truman for Vice President. I wish that Henry Agard Wallace had been a vice presidential nominee but I believe that Senator Truman, as witness his work with the Truman committee, will make a conscientious and reliable Vice President.

As between the presidential nominees, President Roosevelt and Governor Dewey, I do not see how anyone can mistake the difference in caliber. Governor Dewey has shown executive ability and was a good prosecuting district attorney. President Roosevelt steered this country through the worst depression of its history, he took up fearlessly a war "against the forces of nature, against the mistakes and human limitations of man, against the forces of selfishness and inertia, of laziness and fear." Where the latest Republican President had been unable to cope with the situation, Roosevelt acted at once. Governor Dewey has lately sneered, "You can say one thing: I'm not for a CCC." No, he wouldn't be! On March 21, 1933, the Civilian Conservation Corps was part of a mighty economic program, which included the Securities Exchange Act, the Farm Mortgage Act, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Homeowners' Loan Act, the National Industry Recovery Act, etc. Bankers and business men were panicked and screaming for relief. The President literally saved the country from chaos and panic. All that is forgotten now. It has always been contested virulently and savagely by some of the very people who were saved from ruin. He saved the people of the United States, for he has always loved the plain people and been their friend. They know that, and the plain people will vote for him. Through the eleven years since he came to the rescue of his country he has worked steadily, and sometimes against ferocious odds, in their behalf.

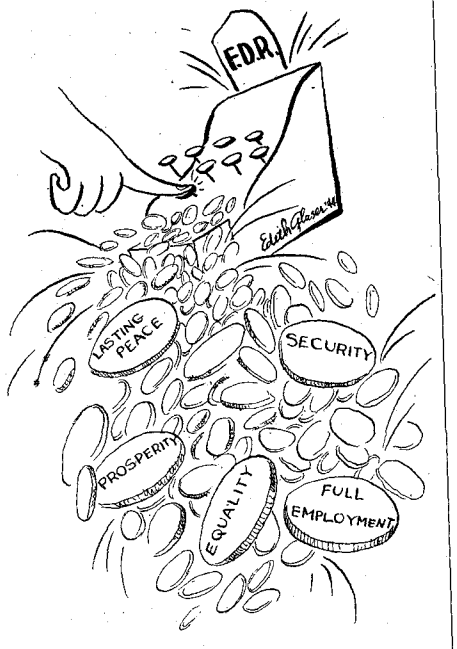
I have been reading a very interesting book by a conservative Englishman, called *Mr. Roosevelt.* In it he, Compton Mackenzie (the brilliant English novelist), says among other things, "When the citizens of the United States are tired of Roosevelt's destructive effect upon their Americanism, we will welcome him in Britain." He says also, *in re* the President's alleged "disrespect for money" and wireless message to the Economic Conference in London in July 1933, "High finance, mercifully for the hope of the world's future progress, has never really recovered from that message, and it is doubtful if the great plow of human endeavor will ever again be securely harnessed to the golden calf."

I like that phrase, "the great plow of human endeavor." And I like the good fighter who wants to direct the forces of nature, to show us we need not surrender to what we think are the human limitations of man, to our selfishness and inertia, to our laziness and fear. How well he has directed our great war effort against the Powers of Darkness we know.

It cannot be too gravely emphasized that the postwar period will present problems of which the more ignorant of our Congressmen and the majority of our politicians have no conception, and, it may be said, in which they take practically no interest.

Franklin D. Roosevelt has stood to the hales of the great plow of human endeavor in the past, and he will stand to them now. He is a great international figure, the trusted friend of Prime Minister Churchill, of Marshal Stalin, of the other leading figures in the world's destiny. The range of his intelligence and imagination makes the limits of his opponent's mind seem very small and narrow indeed. That is why I will vote for him.

Register!



Upton Sinclair

Novelist

ANSWERING your inquiry, I am supporting President Roosevelt because I think he has done a magnificent job in

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superintending the putting down of Nazi-fascism, and I think he can be relied upon to make wise arrangements for international organization and preservation of peace after the victory has been won. Governor Dewey is supported by every kind of reactionary element in the United States, and has no experience whatever in international affairs. Even if Roosevelt's management of domestic affairs were as poor as Dewey considers it, I would rather have bad management for good purposes than good management for bad purposes.

Charles S. Seely

Lt. Comdr., USN (Retired), Author of "Russia and the Battle of Liberation"

IN REPLY to your two questions about the present political campaign, would say that I am supporting the Roosevelt-Truman ticket, and that my reasons for doing so are as follows:

1. In my opinion, Mr. Roosevelt is not only the best qualified American for the job of quickly winning the war, but is also the best qualified American to sit at the peace table with Mr. Stalin and Mr. Churchill, undoubtedly two of the most able statesmen of all time. The peace of the world for many years will be planned at that table, and it is altogether to our advantage that we be represented there by our most experienced man (in both peace and war) in world affairs.

2. When Hitler goes down the actual fighting will be about over for Russia and will be much easier for Britain—but for us it will be much harder! There is no sense in us believing that we will not have to bear the brunt of the fighting against Japan. This will be necessary because both Russia and Britain have already suffered much more than we have in the common cause of destroying world fascism, and will need a breathing spell. Under the best possible conditions we will not be able to get much help from any foreign nation, but we owe it to our men who still must face death on the battlefield to get all the help we possibly can. (Any other attitude on this matter is a betrayal of our men at the front.) And who can help better than Mr. Roosevelt? Nobody, of course, for he not only has the full confidence and respect of all our allies, but also of all the anti-fascist elements everywhere in the world. Mr. Dewey certainly does not have the advantage.

3. Mr. Dewey, no matter what his ability in other matters may be, could not, under any circumstances, get us *any* help from the Russians. The point here is that too many of Mr. Dewey's most influential backers—the men who will have the strongest claim on him, and will shape his foreign policy if he is elected—are too well known to the Russians as haters of Russia. Many of these backers would not hesitate to plunge the United States into war against Russia just as soon as Japan goes down. The Russians would be fools if they trusted Mr. Dewey—and the Russians are not fools. Obviously we should keep in office an administration which has the confidence and respect of our strongest ally. Any other course is certain to prolong the war, and it probably would prevent a lasting peace.*

Theodore Dreiser

Novelist

ROOSEVELT of course. Because Roosevelt is essentially wise, humane, and democratic and has proved that he knows how to conduct this war and can best plan a world peace that will involve sympathetic cooperation between great and small nations.

John Erskine

Novelist and Critic

I AM glad to answer the questions in your letter of September 5.

I am supporting Mr. Dewey and Mr. Bricker.

I voted for Mr. Roosevelt at his first election. He then articulated for us more clearly than any President in my life the needs and aspirations of the people, and not only brought us in line with liberal thought but set us well toward the front in generous leadership. I voted for him a second time for the same reasons, but with doubts of his ability to execute his ideas. He seemed bent on doing everything himself, without calling on the many kinds of experience which were at his command in the Democratic Party.

In his third campagn I opposed him. I believe no man can be a good President for more than eight consecutive years. If he had retired for a term, to be renominated later, he might now be the leader he was when he first held office.

But during the last four years the strain has told on him. He is tired. He forgets what he stood for, and campaigns now as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. I doubt if history will remember him as a military man.

I believe Mr. Dewey and Mr. Bricker are competent administrators and will take us nearer to liberal ideas than we've recently been moving. Perhaps even stronger liberal candidates might have been found within the Democrtic Party, had that party been permitted to look for them.

* The opinions and assertions expressed above are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.—CHARLES S. SEELY.

Max Weber

Artist

IN CONTEMPLATING the forthcoming presidential election, the difference in stature of the candidates of the two major political parties looms up large, and requires very careful consideration particularly at this crucial period not only in the history of our nation but as it affects the destiny of the entire world. In judging the qualifications and all-around fitness of Mr. Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican candidate, his political ancestry and environment came to mind. One finds that he is a direct descendant of three former Republican Presidents—Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. Heredity evidently played a very decided part in Mr. Dewey's political development. The family likeness is very marked. His political background therefore is dismal and foreboding. The few campaign speeches he has thus far delivered are a perfect sample of the Republican tradition and aspect.

The study and solution of the perplexing domestic problems that confront us almost daily and hourly and the countless other still more complicated postwar questions of unprecedented scope and scale will require the arduous labors of men who have been richly endowed with penetrating spiritual vision and prudence: men of mighty intellect and progressive spirit. This era calls for statesmen whose talent and training in statecraft are in fullest measure commensurate with the immensity of the problems of the moment, and those of the future.

Civilization has reached a definite turning point if not an impasse. It cannot go on as it did and still hope to survive. We must have leaders who understand that the causes of evil, grief, and fear of modern times spring not only from Prussian bestial military gangsterdom and its fifth column counterpart, but that it stems more from the international brotherhood of cartels and

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"Ten Minute Break," pencil sketch by Seymour Kameny.

monopolies, and most of all from the unabated conflict and strife between the two main economic and social philosophies of life that exist today. We must elect or draft if necessary men who know and feel passionately the sufferings of humanity and are determined to put an end to war, to poverty, and all the malignant ills.

Only the undiscerning, the politically apathetic and illiterate will take this election lightly. Great events are on the horizon. The foundation of a better, happier, and truer civilization is about to be laid. For in meetings, decisions, and plans such as those of Teheran, Mr. Thomas E. Dewey is by no measure or means equipped or qualified to take part.

As an artist I must add that artists and workers in all cultural fields have at no time in recent history of our nation had a better friend and sponsor in the White House than President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Charlotta A. Bass

Editor, The California Eagle, Negro Weekly

I AM supporting President Roosevelt and all candidates who agree with his war program.

I am supporting him because I think he has been all-out for equality of all types and all classes of people without regard to race, color, or creed; and because he has broken down discrimination in many places, especially in the army recreation centers.

Waldo Frank

Novelist and Critic

I SHALL support Roosevelt for reelection.

The alternative of Dewey and all he and his crowd stand for is a danger from which the country—and the entire world—must be guarded.

Sophonisba Breckinridge

Former Professor of Public Welfare Administration, University of Chicago School of Social Work

I AM at the moment on a vacation and am as a matter of fact on the University retired list so that I should probably not be counted in your poll. I have, too, voted the Socialist ticket. I cannot now recall voting for either the Democratic or Republican candidate since the 1916 election. I have supported Norman Thomas whenever I had the chance, but I feel especially strongly this time about the fourth term and about the differences between Mr. Roosevelt's pledges and his performances in the matter of our getting into the war and sending our boys over seas. I think that that's enough. I have never agitated but I have always supported.

Dr. Leo Eloesser

San Francisco Surgeon

ROOSEVELT and Truman—I'm sorry it's not Wallace.

Because the above seem to offer the only slender chance that the government will not revert to the old big business methods of the pre-war days.

Rev. Wm. Howard Melish

Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I AM for Roosevelt because:

Roosevelt knows that the world's most powerful nation has equivalent responsibilities; he will really back an international organization for security and well-being; he understands the need for a frank rapprochement with the Soviet Union and opposes the policy of quarantining which helped produce World War II and defeat collective security at Geneva; he knows that assistance in the rehabilitation of Europe and the industrialization of Asia will help provide markets for our postwar goods.

Roosevelt will win the war against both Germany and Japan, and will not make a political football out of the hopes of servicemen and their families for a premature homecoming.

Roosevelt will try to mobilize both federal and state resources to aid in easing reconversion, stimulating small business, protecting labor, cushioning inevitable temporary unemployment through social security, maintaining public purchasing power during the transition and continuing essential controls as long as necessary.

Roosevelt sees that domestic economy is related to the international scene, and makes a fetish neither of states' rights nor the priority of big business interests.

Roosevelt wants racial unity, a process undoubtedly to be speeded after Election Day.

In brief, I view the so-called "disunity" of the Democrats as the teamwork of divergent groups going some place; the "unity" of the Republicans as the placidity of milch-cows longing to chew their cuds under a ripe apple-tree in the late, late autumn.

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MEET MRS. LUCE

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

IT IS very hard to hold onto the usual NEW MASSES objectivity when you sit face to face with Beauty. It was one thing to weather the blandishments of Rep. Sam Hobbs of Alabama or to withstand the charm of Rep. Everett Dirksen of Illinois even when he told me that he had not forgotten the days when he carried a dinner pail. I could keep my balance about Jesse Wolcott of Michigan even as he held out his pudgy hands—hands once calloused with toil, he said with tears in his voice. But the undermining effect of interviewing Clare Luce of Connecticut is something else again.

My only experience even remotely like it was an occasion years ago when I worked for a hardy Republican paper which opposed all New Deal functions, but particularly opposed the WPA. I confessed to the boss that it was very difficult for me to be funny about a park show to be given by WPA after a bunch of broken-down actors who'd been hungry for years had pleaded with me to give them a break. The boss then drew himself up, pointed heavenward and said with stirring intonation, "Harden your heart, girl, and write the truth."

It was not only the fact of sitting across the desk from the fragile quality and wistful blue eyes of Mrs. Luce that made it so difficult to recall that only an hour or so earlier her lovely voice was heard on the floor of the House: "Mr. Speaker, clear everything with Sidney."

I had tried so many times in the closing days of Congress to see Mrs. Luce without success that when her sturdy and protective secretary in charge of the press, Al Mirano, ushered me into her presence I was hardly prepared for it. I was conscious of my own unmanicured paws before the lacquered perfection of her blood-red nails, my sodden mass of straight hair. Hers was glowing, golden, and was unaffected by a three-day rain. I wriggled my toes in my wet Oxfords, edged out of a damp coat still reeking of mothballs and retrieved my papers and bundles and knitting from the floor as I sat down. But Mrs. Luce proceeded to make me feel right at home. She did this by assuring me that (1) I didn't look a day over twenty-five, after I had confessed to forty; and (2) that some of her best friends were Communists. I was perfectly ready to believe that some of her best friends were Communists—and that I didn't look a day over twenty-five—until Miss Freda Utley telephoned and Mrs. Luce, before answering, explained chattily, "One of my good Communist friends calling." Anyone who confused a Trotskyite with a Communist, I reflected sadly, might not be too reliable when it came to a discussion of ages.

"AL IS furious at me for seeing you," said Mrs. Luce, laughingly, woman to woman. "He hates to see me talk to people who are going to take me apart." She glanced at my bright smile, which I trust was sympathetic but noncommital, and glanced away, saying with self-pity in her voice, "Of course I can't expect to get a break in NEW MASSES. Why should I?" Then she told me why she should. Like so many Congressmen, she apparently thinks of herself as quite a radical when talking to a NEW MASSES correspondent.

It was at the end of the interview, though, after about an hour and a half of talk, that Mrs. Luce, standing and hitching up her tailored suit skirt over a beautifully flat stomach and slim hips, made her most telling appeal. "A Negro editor was in here the other day," she said. "Talking about discrimination, he said, 'But you wouldn't know what it is like.' I said, 'Oh, I wouldn't? Haven't I known it every day I've been in Congress?'" Here was a subject which struck home. We grew indignant together over the way reporters wrote about her latest hair-do instead of what she said—although I admit now in cooler judgment that she has corrected that by toning down her hair-do and jazzing up her remarks. "And they always have a woman answer me instead of a man," she said irritably. But when I began speaking about age-old discrimination against all women, her attention wandered. I became aware of a look of distraction on those beautiful features, and then of her voice, cool and brittle, "I don't care what you say about me but I would like to see the direct quotes you use before you print them." After I said yes, and walked away down the corridor past the locked doors of amiable Congressmen who never asked for previews of quotes, I remembered ruefully that Representative Luce wrote *The Women.*

Eugene Larkin

MRS. LUCE has heard that some persons make the fantastic charge that she went into politics because she was ambitious. The fact is otherwise. As she said, demure, her voice low, "I conceived this as a job to do. I've always worked hard. This is the hardest work I've ever done and it is certainly not glamorous." It seemed that the thing which hurt most deeply, though, was that some persons intimated that behind her political career loomed the figure of her husband, Henry R. Luce, publisher of *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* magazines. "I ask you," she said in a tone as near impassioned as any I heard her use, "since when has a man ever sought the presidency or a political career without ever going into politics? My husband never has made a political move in his life. Look at the way he runs his magazines—he certainly doesn't play them politically."

"What about the recent Bullitt article?" I asked, alluding to the article in *Life* by William Bullitt which had been used elatedly by the Nazi radio.

"*Life* contracted for two articles and is printing them, that's all," she began defensively, but admitted that it was political. "It's a devastating article. It represents the opinion of a good many people in this country who mistrust Russia." Asked what she herself thought of it, she said, "Well, I would have preferred it if Bill had presented these arguments as his own and not as the Italians'."

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Mrs. Luce campaigned in 1942 on the need of fighting a hard war, not a soft one. She denied she had changed in her attitudes since that campaign, or since any previous time, although she voted for Roosevelt in 1932. "My quarrel is that if we had had more honest leadership it would have taken us into the war better prepared and would get us out of it with—" she paused a second, then said, "less loss of treasure and life."

The style was different, but I asked her if the gist of what she said wasn't the same as that of her speech before the Republican national convention, when she blamed the war on Roosevelt. She denied the speech did this. Didn't she feel that the speech was a mistake politically, in view of the public reaction? Having read the many resentful letters on it from men in the armed forces and their wives published in the New York *Post* and elsewhere, I expected to find her chastened and subdued on the subject of that speech. But no. "Not from what I have seen and heard," she said. "The letters I got were four to one in favor. The New Deal press attacked it, the Republican press didn't." She considered it "nonpartisan." She "did it entirely on my own," she said proudly, and added with a touch of venom, "They asked me to leave the subject of party policy and the party planks to Dewey and Warren. As a woman they wanted me to address the women of America. So I did."

I have a copy of the speech before me, with the changes made after it was mimeographed for the press. The speech purports to be in behalf of GI Jim, the dead American hero of this war, who is, along with George Washington's ghost, haunting the convention hall. "We have come together here to nominate a President who will make sure that Jim's sacrifice shall not prove useless in the years ahead." Some of the deletions are interesting. The line, for instance, that shows Mrs. Luce fails to distinguish between this and other wars: "And he died as his father died in 1918, and their fathers in 1898, 1861, in 1846, and in 1812, in 1776." A gruesome alliterative line, "His young bones bleach on the tropical roads of Bataan." And a long passage redolent of Mrs. Luce's basic cynicism, with its closing line, "For in the end, Jim also learned that the only perfect democracy is the democracy of the dead." This is reminiscent in its contempt for people of the speech she made in Los Angeles last January in which she said: "Under the tender ministrations of 'Old Doctor New Deal' America slowly became a nation of hypochrondriacs, introverts, and psychotics."

"Sorry, Buster, your ticket only goes as far as Albany."

SHE was bitter about our foreign policy in the years leading up to the war. But she was equally bitter about Russia for not fighting before it just "happened to be attacked by the Nazis." She admitted, however, that the USSR had tried to get agreement on collective security to halt aggression. I could not tell whom she hated most—Roosevelt, Churchill, or Stalin. "I always have thought Stalin a bloody dictator and I still think Stalin a bloody dictator," she said. One of her favorite gripes was British imperialism—"was and is," she said. She was bitter that her "Communist friends" who used to "cheer me on" when she spoke of India, felt that "the character of the war has changed." "For me it has never changed." She indicated that the Communists no longer talked of India. I hope she read Adam Lapin's column in the *Daily Worker* of September 21.

At another point she said: "Mr. Churchill fights for his people and his empire. It makes me very unhappy that we don't have a leader who is fighting just as hard for American interests, for American culture." Again, she said she was not a nationalist.

Mrs. Luce had not been in the House long when in her maiden speech she attacked Vice President Wallace's concepts, particularly in freedom of the air in the postwar world, as "globaloney." At the same time her snide remarks on Stalin and on the British were in the best spirit of Goebbeloney. Wallace later chided her by declaring: "I am sure that the vast bulk of Republicans do not want to stir up animosity against either our Russian or English allies at the present time." *Newsweek* reported that Washington reporters had dubbed Mrs. Luce the American Lady Astor.

SHE told me she had been "consistent" about the USSR. "First let me say I'm not afraid of Russia. For its own security and the peace and welfare of mankind Russia and the United States must be friends. And when I speak of Russian aggression in Poland, and possible Russian aggression in the Balkans, or possibly in Manchuria, I am only saying that if confronted by an isolationist America, the Russians are naturally going to look to extending their borders in order to achieve security. Which doesn't mean I don't consider Russia a great and splendid country, full of

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vitality. I think there is no reason why we can't be friends with Russia if we can believe her intentions about world cooperation."

I asked her whether that "if" didn't make another thing of her statement that we must collaborate. To which she replied that she also said "if" when it came to America's intentions to coperate—as if that made everything all right. "I think America is more likely to cooperate with Russia if she knows toward what ends she is cooperating," she said. "In other words, I believe in realism—much as I hate the misuse of that word." But did she think what she was saying and doing was on the side of national unity, I persisted? "National unity comes when people are allowed to say what they believe," she said airily.

She wasn't afraid of the economics of Communism, but she was afraid in one field, "the field of religion." "Tell me," she said, "can you imagine that you, or I—" her hands fluttered expressively as she groped for some phrase that would include all of humanity outside myself and Mrs. Luce, "or even the elevator man, are all, are the best? My quarrel with Russia will end whenever they admit that there is something *higher* than man."

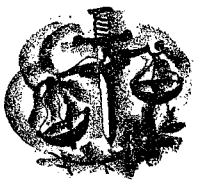
She summoned Al and asked for a speech she had given before a religious meeting, and underlined in ink what she said represented her quarrel with Communism. The gist was that "the brotherhood of man must presuppose the fatherhood of God." But I obtained the copy of the speech from her and found what she had not shown me, toward the beginning of the speech: "Nazi Germany did not exile God, as did the Russians, to shift for Himself."

I asked if she considered Communism an issue in 1944, and she told, very charmingly, a story about how Australia is now spending huge sums to eradicate the prickly pear, all because an Italian emigrant fifty years ago brought with him one little potted prickly pear to remind him of his homeland. Admitting that Communism might be here in the distant future, I asked, was it an issue in 1944?

"Oh, it's nothing new," she said. "It was an issue in 1940, and in 1936, and in 1932."

"Every time there is an election?" But she made no reply.

I can report a number of little facts about Mrs. Luce. She carries a briefcase, a dainty one of fine red leather. She plays a lot of tennis—on the courts



There are Communists in the provisional government of liberated France. The Communists of the USSR have won the admiration of civilized and decent people all over the world. Communists are taking honorable places in the remaking of Rumania, Bulgaria and Italy, and are in the forefront of partisan battles against the Axis everywhere. Have you written to Governor Thomas E. Dewey at Albany, N. Y., to free the Communist Morris U. Schappes, who was imprisoned because of his political beliefs?

of her hotel, the Wardman Park. I can report that she is an Episcopalian, and that religion is the closest thing to her heart. She is charmed with George Santayana, is reading his *Last Puritan*. No, she doesn't think him a "genteel fascist," as Joel Bradford called him in NM. She likes to go home from her office at 7 or 7:30 three or four nights a week—when she's here—take a hot shower, order dinner on a tray, and read until 2, 3, 4 AM—philosophy or economics. She guesses Aristotle is her favorite philosopher. She also reads Plato and Karl Marx. But she was taking a train when I last saw her, armed not with Aristotle but with Stanley Walker—his new book on Dewey. "Stanley Walker is an old friend of mine," she explained rather apologetically.

Stanley High, the anti-Sovieteer with *Reader's Digest* and *Saturday Evening Post*, is one of her advisers. At least I alluded to him as such and she didn't deny it, and I heard her tell her secretary as she went over correspondence, "Send this to Stanley High." The conservative in her office is Isabel Hill, her social secretary for twelve years, who comes from one of the leading families of Fort Smith, Ark., and doesn't approve of radical Republicans like Mrs. Luce. "You wouldn't get a thing out of her," Mrs. Luce said firmly, after having seen me speak with her. "The whole staff is close-mouthed about me. They are so fearful for my sake. You see, lots of reporters from pro-New Deal papers come in here to talk with me. I am not afraid to see them; I'm always glad to talk to them though I know, as my staff does, that as soon as they leave, in will go the knife into my back."

I CAN report that Mrs. Luce has met her Democratic opponent, Margaret Connors, who is reputed to have a good chance of winning. Mrs. Luce failed of a majority in 1942, getting in because a third candidate, a Socialist, polled 12,000 votes. Miss Connors, a lawyer, has visited Mrs. Luce with CIO delegations on legislation. Mrs. Luce claims "a liberal voting record." It has been fairly good, when she has been there. When she doesn't want to vote, she ducks. She has watched her labor vote carefully. She was good on the Dies committee, poll tax, Smith-Connally bill, bad on taxes and price control, and on setting up the omnibus Smith committee to investigate government agencies. She failed to vote on the Relief and Rehabilitation Administration appropriation, the bill providing mustering out pay for veterans, and the federal ballot for servicemen—the three measures she has described as the major pieces of legislation enacted by the 78th Congress.

When Pres. R. J. Thomas of the UAW-CIO was honor guest at a Dutch treat luncheon thrown by Rep. George Sadowski last June, some 150 Congressmen came, but none pleaded longer and more earnestly for his support than Mrs. Luce. How the UAW feels about Mrs. Luce is revealed in its August 1 *Newsflash*: "Clare Luce really is beautiful. And smart, too. But her tear-jerking speech at the Republican national convention about GI Jim had a familiar ring. . . . We found its source by going back to some Berlin radio broadcasts." Then it quotes from an April 21, 1942 official German broadcast: "Roosevelt's war . . . look at its bitter cost already in American lives." And from others, including this from the Jan. 8, 1941, German broadcast: "Several million American boys are already doomed to be cannon fodder. . . . . There may be something glorious about soaking the soil of foreign lands with the blood of Iowa or Illinois boys . . . but what about the many, many thousands of them who will die like rats in a trap when their ships founder on a German minefield off the coast of France?"

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FLIRTING WITH THE AXIS

By MARTIN T. BROWN

THE resignation of Brazilian Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aranha in August represents one of the most serious blows to democracy in the western hemisphere since the *coup d'etat* of the Argentine Colonels' Lodge (GOU) on June 4, 1943. Not only does it signalize the efforts of the fascist *Integralistas* to take over complete control of Brazil, but also the strengthening of the GOU-led fascist coalition south of the Rio Grande.

During the first year of the present war, Brazil's *Estado Novo* regime, established on a clearly corporate plan, was frankly pro-Axis. This was the year of Germany's lightning victories in the west and Brazilian reactionaries felt that the Nazi war machine was invincible. In a speech on June 11, 1940, President Getulio Vargas emphasized his allegiance to the new Nazi era. Early in 1941 the Brazilian ship *Sigueira Campos* was detained in Gibraltar and compelled to unload its Brazil-destined cargo of German arms. War Minister Gaspar Dutra indignantly sought a war declaration against Great Britain and the Department of Press and Propaganda (DIP) ordered a violent anti-British campaign.

The change in Brazil's official policy came at the end of 1940 when, with the aid of President Roosevelt, a $50,000,000 loan was arranged to help develop the Volta Redonda metallurgical plant. As in all semi-colonial countries, industrialization mobilized popular enthusiasm and attention. Brazil's progressive forces were strengthened and the United States became more popular there than it had ever been.

At this time British interests held a monopoly concession of the Itabira iron ore deposits, one of the richest in the world. Under the circumstance Volta Redonda could not develop its full potentialities. Here again, through the intervention of President Roosevelt an agreement was reached with the British abrogating the monopoly. The immense possibilities of the Volta Redonda-Itabira iron development was greeted with such popular enthusiasm that President Vargas was forced to make a virtue of necessity and capitalized on the development to bolster his own position. All efforts of the German Thyssen group to prevent the agreement failed, and Brazil's official pro-Allied policy was definitely launched.

As in other countries, Brazil's internal situation was greatly influenced by the showing of the Red Army. Even *Nacao Armada* (Armed Nation), edited by pro-Nazi de Carvalho, was forced to recognize Soviet resistance. Slowly British and American propaganda was allowed to enter Brazil and sympathy grew for the United Nations. Pearl Harbor and the ensuing war between Japan and the United States resulted in preventative measures against Brazil's 300,000 Japanese—220,000 of them in important Sao Paulo province and the remainder in Amazonas-Para.

Following a great popular movement, Brazil broke with the Axis during the conference of Pan-American foreign ministers in Rio de Janeiro (January 1942), at which Aranha played a leading role toward effecting a general break with the Axis by the nations of the western hemisphere. The United States was granted naval and air bases in northern Brazil, and commercial interchange increased rapidly.

The break with the Axis was the gap through which fresh winds swept over Brazilian politics. Felinto Muller, pro-Nazi chief of police in Rio de Janeiro, was replaced by Col. Alcides Echegoyen. Gen. Manoel Rabelo, the only member of the Supreme Military Court to vote in favor of Brazil's imprisoned democratic leader Luis Carlos Prestes, formed the Society of Friends of America. Brazil's exiled democratic leaders returned to their country—although some were later arrested. Others who had worked with Prestes in the *Alianza Nacional Liberatadora* were given posts of some importance.

From "Futuro"

ENCOURAGED by this official trend and protected by democratic figures in and out of the government, the people of Brazil staged huge demonstrations demanding a declaration of war against the Axis. At one such demonstration, Amaral Peixoto, President Vargas' brother-in-law, appeared outside the presidential palace and declared that the government would take steps to save the nation's honor. On August 22, 1942, following the torpedoing of six vessels by Axis submarines, Brazil declared war. Significant in terms of what has happened in Brazil since the early part of this year, DIP only then permitted attacks on the Axis and comments on Soviet victories in the press.

As the democratic movement grew, the National Union of Students gained added prestige and increased its activities in behalf of the United Nations. An office of coordination of Brazil's economic mobilization was established under the leadership of Joao Alberto, who had been close to Prestes. An American technical mission, headed by New Dealer Morris Cooke, arrived in Brazil. Gen. Flores de Cunha, who returned from exile, was pardoned.

But while democratic forms began to develop and such men as Echegoyen, Alberto and Rabelo continued their democratic activities, reactionaries were not idle. Nazi spy rings, led by *Integralistas* in many cases, were uncovered. DIP, controlled by pro-fascist elements, prohibited the publication of such news, but much of it seeped out to the general public anyway. Pro-Nazi Felinto Muller was appointed president of the National Labor Council. Before leaving the post of Rio de Janeiro police chief, he ordered all files on the *Integralistas* destroyed, but provided that files on democrats be put away for safekeeping. As Echegoyen was about to discover Muller's Gestapo connections, he was suddenly relieved of his office. The *Integralistas* failed to win the reappointment of Muller as police chief, however.

At the same time DIP continued its orders to the press to carry no information favorable to the establishment of a

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Brazilian Expeditionary Force and the War Ministry, headed by *Integralista* General Dutra, let it be known that volunteers were not welcome. Progressives continued to work ceaselessly for the creation of the BEF and on July 12, 1944, Brazilian military forces landed in Italy.

A campaign against economic coordinator Alberto was launched shortly after his appointment, led by Roberto Simonsen, president of the Sao Paulo Industrial Federation, and Joao Daudt de Oliveira, president of the Brazilian Federation of Commercial Associations. The first step in forcing Alberto's eventual resignation this past spring was to take the administration of rubber development from him and give the position to Valentin Boucas, general manager of the Goodyear Rubber Co. in Brazil. It is alleged that Boucas did his utmost to prevent the effective exploitation of Brazilian rubber and it is pointed out that Goodyear was able to sell forty-two times more tires to Brazil in the year after the change in rubber administrators than before. The second step was to deprive Alberto of the direction of industrial policy. This was turned over to a special committee, which included Marcondes Filho, *Integralista* Interior Minister; Simonsen; Daudt de Oliveira; and Santiago Dantas, one of the intellectual leaders of the *Integralistas*. Finally, Amaral Peixoto took over food supplies. Alberto resigned.

General Rabelo, another democratic leader for whom the *Integralistas* were gunning, opened a large-scale campaign for membership in his Society of Friends of America after Brazil's war declaration. He vigorously opposed the bad treatment meted out to popular groups by fascist-minded officers. War Minister Dutra demanded that he be removed from the Supreme Military Court and that he be tried. President Vargas held back until General Rabelo began to expose military scandals and then prohibited him from engaging in any kind of political activity. The name of General Rabelo was no longer to be mentioned in the press and the Society was paralyzed, to all intents and purposes. Its leader was restricted to private meetings.

On April 19, 1944, President Vargas declared in favor of free elections after the war. But, he added, these would take place when "the present institutions are fully developed"—when Brazil's corporate *Estado Novo* was consolidated. In the months that followed, a two-faced policy began to appear more strongly than before. On the same day that Pedro Motta Lima, imprisoned democratic editor, was released from jail, Jader de Carvalho was sentenced to seven years imprisonment for a speech made in 1942 in which he praised the resistance of the Soviet Union and asked for amnesty for political prisoners. Alberto Pasqualini, younger liberal lawyer in Rio Grande do Sul, was removed from his post as Secretary of Interior and Justice in the province because he decreed freedom of the press, campaigned against war saboteurs and fought against contraband rubber shipments to fascist Argentina.

On July 4 a strange meeting took place in the home of Olimpio de Mello, a fascist priest. Among those present were the following: President Vargas, his brother Benjamin, War Minister Dutra and Felinto Muller. While there is no telling exactly what transpired, the following day Rio's democratic police chief, Capt. Nelson de Mello, was forced to resign after eight months in office. His place was taken by Corialano Goes, former police chief in Sao Paulo, where in November 1943, students demonstrating in support of the United Nations were machine-gunned.

After the meeting at de Mello's home —a few days before the arrival of the Brazilian Expeditionary Force in Naples —War Minister Dutra, Interior Minister Marcondes and the notorious Felinto Muller let it be known for the obvious purpose of beginning a campaign of repression that an attempt would be made to overthrow the Vargas regime while the president was on a tour of the country. Viriato Vargas, another brother of the president, "informed" the president and as a preventive measure the latter ordered the arrest and questioning of some fifty liberals listed by Muller.

E. Miller

Captain de Mello refused to obey the order, but the new police chief, Goes, promptly arrested twenty-five liberals. The press vigorously attacked Goes, but on the basis of his record and without mentioning the arrests. Capt. Amilcar Dutra de Menezes, chief of DIP and the trusted agent of the president's brother Benjamin, then ordered five democratic publications closed down, including a Catholic journal, the leading progressive weekly, and a student magazine.

Liberal opposition was already crystalizing around the Minas Geraes manifesto, issued in November, 1943. Among the chief signers of the manifesto were Pedro Aleixo, former president of the Chamber of Deputies; Virgilio Mello Franco, one of the outstanding leaders of the 1930 revolution; and Magalhaes Pinto, a relatively new political figure with growing prestige. They asked President Vargas to democratize the country and call Parliament into session. Leaders of the *Estado Novo* answered with repression, and the impatience of the liberals with the government grew. More reserved democratic leaders pointed out that the *Integralistas* wanted to provoke an anti-Vargas revolution.

Finally, however, came the Aranha resignation in August. Aranha agreed, with the approval of President Vargas, to serve as vice-president of General Rabelo's Society of Friends of America, of which US Ambassador Jefferson Caffery was honorary president. The day after his acceptance, however, police chief Goes closed down the society. Aranha sent in his resignation in protest and two weeks later President Vargas accepted it. The showdown had come.

In a dispatch from Montevideo, *Allied Labor News* reported the following four basic reasons for Aranha's resignation: (1) He constituted the greatest obstacle to a rapprochement with the Argentine Colonels' lodge regime. (2) He favored establishing diplomatic relations with the Soviets. (3) Pro-fascists in the government wished to prevent his representing Brazil at the peace conference. (4) Aranha, with enhanced prestige, would be the leading candidate for the presidency if postwar elections were called.

Two letters now being circulated clandestinely in Brazil — one from General Rabelo to police chief Goes and the other a message from the National Union of Students to General Rabelo—are quoted by the dispatch. In his letter to Goes, Rabelo said:

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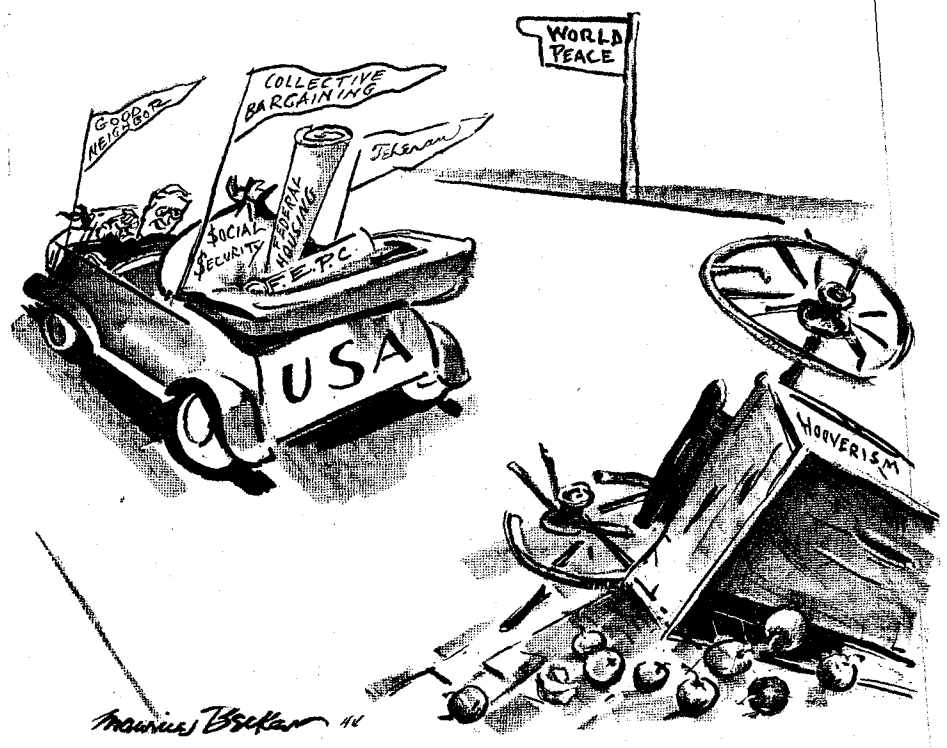

Maurice Becker, for the Independent Voters Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Roosevelt.

"The entire country testifies to the democratic actions of the Society of Friends of America in its propaganda for anti-fascist principles. All of our activities were developed in public assemblies under the control of the police. We never passed beyond the limit of popularizing the Atlantic Charter and President Roosevelt's four freedoms. Since we acted lawfully and in agreement with popular sentiment and with the official policy of the government, I vehemently protest against this act of violence."

The student group wrote Rabelo: "The battle waged by the society for Brazil's participation in the war and for the principles of Moscow, Teheran, and Cairo and the declaration of the United Nations is the battle of all good Brazilians, among whom the students occupy a vanguard position. The fight continues for the exercise of the most elementary civil liberties until the enemies of the people are reduced to impotence. When associations headed by such men as Rabelo and Aranha are closed by the police, then the fatherland is imperiled and those working for the honor and progress of Brazil endangered."

About the time that the anti-democratic actions were taken in July, Viriato Vargas launched *Brasil-Portugal,* a new daily newspaper. Its basic principles are: (1) The *Estado Novo* is the authentic "sociocratic" regime. What the term means is not explained. (2) Only military forces can save the country. The newspaper repeatedly states this in language reminiscent of the Argentine regime. (3) Sympathy for the Argentine regime. (4) Opposition to Anglo-Saxon materialist and Protestant penetration. Anglo-Saxon, of course, means mainly the United States, but Viriato is not yet prepared to say so in so many words. (5) Russia is the main danger and an anti-Soviet alliance, composed of the US, Britain, Portugal, and Brazil, is necessary. (6) Brazil and Portugal are of the same "soul" and Portugal is the most civilized nation in Europe—because it too has an *Estado Novo*. (7) The only real danger to Brazil is Communism.

The main collaborators on *Brasil-Portugal* in addition to Viriato Vargas are: Gustavo Barboso, leading *Integralista* who has been called Brazil's Julius Streicher because of his violent anti-Semitism; Hector Muniz, former editor of a German-subsidized magazine which later proved to be one of the Nazi espionage centers in Brazil (Muniz is now considered DIP's ideological orientator); Jesuit Father Olimpio de Mello, an old-time *Integralista;* Col. Lima Figueredo, former military attache in Tokyo; Cols. Maurel Lobo and Lima Correia, both violently pro-German and anti-Semitic; and Viscount Carnaxide, representative of the Portuguese DIP in Brazil. *Brasil-Portugal* is now busily engaged in a campaign against the Soviet diplomatic representatives in Montevideo with the aim of disrupting diplomatic relations between the USSR and Uruguay. A similar campaign led to a break in 1936.

In May 1938, the *Integralistas* tried unsuccessfully to seize the government. News of the impending *coup d'etat* was well known and when it was crushed, its extremist leaders were jailed. Other *Integralista* leaders, however, agreed to support President Vargas and the *Estado Novo* in exchange for key government positions, which they received and the number of which has now increased. Such a step was also aimed at preventing democratization of the nation. Writing from his exile in Lisbon in September 1942, *Integralista* chieftain Plinio Salgado told his followers: "The *Estado Novo* must be supported because it contains essentially all the points in the *Integralista* program." Another *Integralista* recently said of the *Estado Novo's* 1937 constitution that it is copied seventy percent from the 1935 Polish constitution of Pilsudski and thirty percent from Mussolini.

A MANIFESTO issued to Argentine army officers on May 3, 1943, a full month before the Colonels' *coup d'etat,* makes interesting reading in connection with the latest developments in Brazil. As reported by *Overseas News Agency,* the manifesto said: "In the northern part of America the role of the leading country will fall for a certain time to the United States. In South America, there are only two nations sufficiently big and strong to undertake leadership—Argentina and Brazil. Paraguay is already with us. We will get Bolivia and Chile. Then it will be easy to exert pressure on Uruguay. These five nations will attract Brazil, due to its type of government and its important group of Germans. Once Brazil has fallen, the South American continent will be ours."

Up to the present Brazil has been largely dependent economically on the United States. Now she is faced with choosing her future course: to form a Rio de Janeiro-Buenos Aires axis or completely to clean out the *Estado Novo*. Two years of an intense campaign for national unity around President Vargas has resulted in the creation in Brazil of a strong democratic and anti-*Integralista* movement. That movement is stronger today, and as a leader of Prestes' *Alianza Nacional Libertadora* puts it: "We will achieve national unity with Vargas, without Vargas or against Vargas." It appears that the last link in the chain is being forged.

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I MEET A FEW MORE FUEHRERS

By A. B. MAGIL

AT 105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago, there is a modest suite of offices occupied by an organization called the American Democratic National Committee. It is neither American, nor democratic (with a small or capital "d"), nor national; it may be a committee. This outfit was launched in Chicago last February and had as its first chairman former Secretary of War Harry Woodring, who was forced to resign in 1940 because of his isolationist views. Among those who also helped midwife the ADNC was Edward R. Burke, who was likewise retired in 1940 (in his case by the voters) as Democratic Senator from Nebraska and is now executive head of the Southern Coal Operators' Association. Burke is a member of the advisory committee of publisher Frank Gannett's Committee for Constitutional Government and of Gannett's Constitution and Free Enterprise Foundation. His passion for constitutional government was amply indicated in 1938 when on the eve of the Munich pact he returned from a trip to Germany and gave an interview which the New York *Herald Tribune* headlined: "Senator Burke Praises Hitler and Nazis' Rule as He Returns."

The American Democratic National Committee was formed for the avowed purpose of organizing hate-Roosevelt Democrats to block a fourth term. Though Woodring announced that the committee was planning to spend $1,500,000, by April both the paucity of big business suckers and the singular apathy of the Democratic voters toward the group's aims had so discouraged him that he resigned. An obscure president of an obscure university, Dr. Gleason L. Archer of Suffolk University, Boston, was dredged up to take his place. Shortly after, the fates smiled: the southern electoral college conspiracy was started in Texas and provided the committee with something more substantial in the way of political and financial nourishment than could be attracted by its own windy pronunciamentos. Though the Republican convention rejected the ADNC's proposal of a coalition Byrd-Bricker ticket, the committee is today part of the coalition of arch-reactionary forces working for the election of Governor Dewey. For this purpose its connections with both the tory sections of the Democratic Party and the fascist fronters identified with the GOP are proving valuable.

On a recent trip to Chicago I dropped in at the office of the American Democratic National Committee to interview some of its leaders. For one reason or another I did not until now get around to writing about that visit. Perhaps it is just as well, for on going over my notes I am impressed with the way some of the remarks made to me in the ADNC office, as well as some of the committee's official statements, tally with the ideas in Dewey's campaign speeches. On entering the office I was greeted by a man in shirt sleeves who told me briskly his name was Goodwin. It was in fact the treasurer of the committee, William J. Goodwin of Queens, New York. I introduced myself, mentioning the name of the magazine I represented. He shook my hand warmly. I asked whether I could see Dr. Archer and he at once ushered me into his office. It was evident that Goodwin, a former Democratic district leader in Queens, was of the effusive type whose friendship it is difficult to shake. In fact, instead of leaving me with Dr. Archer, he proceeded to give me his own ideas without any prompting on my part.

"You know," he said, "I think there's a lot of good in Communism, I really do. I don't question your sincerity or motives. If only you people weren't so intolerant. Tolerance is a two-way street —that's my philosophy. I think every one of us ought to get down on our knees and thank God for this country of ours in which we have the right to express our opinions."

Just to be sociable I hinted that I was a believer in tolerance too and represented a very tolerant publication. I mentioned the fact that last year NEW MASSES had arranged a debate between Earl Browder and George Sokolsky. Goodwin's eyes caught fire. "Say, do you think you could arrange something like that for me? I'm willing to debate anybody."

I PROMISED to take it up when I got back to New York and then thought that was an appropriate moment to ask: "Weren't you mentioned in *Under Cover*, Mr. Goodwin?"

But William J. Goodwin is not the kind that embarrasses easily. "Yes, and who wasn't?" he replied. "That fellow just took everybody and every group that in some respects was going in the same direction and lumped them all together."

"*Under Cover* said you were backed by the Christian Front when you ran for mayor of New York on the American Rock Party ticket in 1941."

"Nothing to it," and Goodwin proceeded to tell me about one of his warmest political backers who was of course a Jew.

Goodwin finally left us alone and I was able to talk to Dr. Archer. He is a tall, bald, elderly gentleman, obviously a *front* for the less respectable politicians and financial angels who run the ADNC.

"Why did Woodring get out?" I asked.

"Well, he was under a good deal of pressure."

"Pressure from whom?"

Dr. Archer gazed into space. "It's hard to tell where the pressure came from," he said enigmatically. "But Mr. Woodring is still subject to the call of the committee."

"What is the purpose of your committee?"

"Our purpose is to defeat the New Deal because we believe the American form of government is productive of more happiness than regimented government. The New Deal stands for regimentation."

"Will you support the Republican candidate?"

"Not necessarily. We may have a candidate of our own." Dr. Archer had evidently "forgotten" a letter that had been sent out over his signature by the American Democratic National Committee less than a month earlier. The letter stated: "The Republican Party is at last in position to challenge this Frankenstein monster. Without the aid of the hitherto unorganized anti-New Deal Democrats, the GOP cannot be certain of victory."

Dr. Archer was rather diffident about the precise relations between his group and the anti-Roosevelt movements in Texas, Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi, and Virginia. He admitted, however, that his committee had been working closely with this hate-Roosevelt crowd and that the Republicans were also backing these movements. "I've

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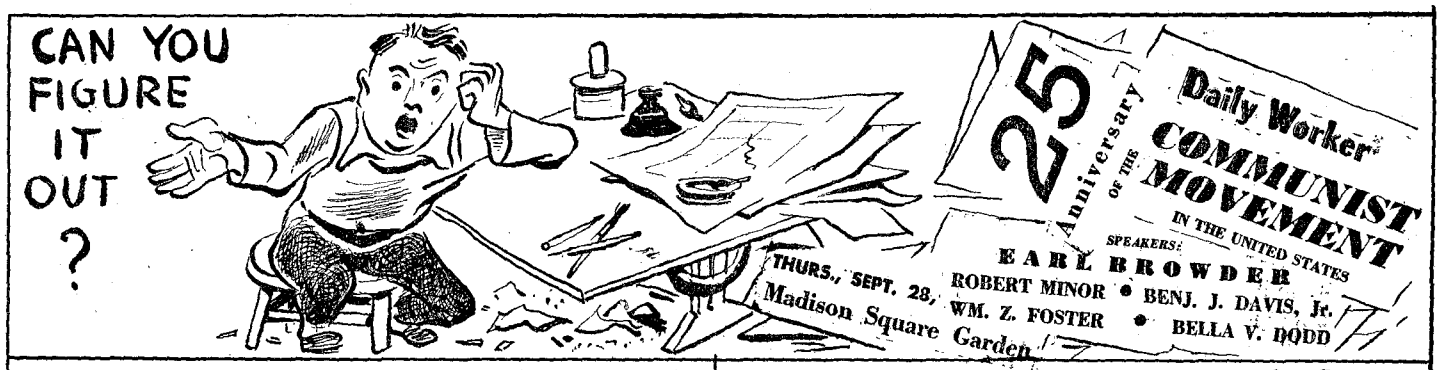
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THURS., SEPT. 28, Madison Square Garden

YESSIR, THOSE REDS ARE O.K. BY ME!
NEWS BULLETIN
TITO FORCES IN YUGOSLAVIA CAPTURE NAZI STRONGHOLD
THE UNITED FRONT IN YUGOSLAVIA, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF MARSHALL TITO HAVE CAPTURED...
THE PRESS

YEA-MAN, THOSE REDS ARE O.K. BY ME!
EXCLUSIVE REPORT...
FRENCH UNDERGROUND FIGHTING WITH ALLIED ARMIES
ALL POLITICAL PARTIES IN FRANCE HAVE UNITED AND HAVE BEEN HELPING THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH FORCES IN ADVANCING AGAINST THE NAZI...
PRESS

THOSE REDS ARE O.K. BY ME!
ITALIAN PARTISANS HELP CLEAN-UP FASCISTS
THE ITALIAN PARTISANS CONSISTING OF COMMUNISTS, SYNDICALISTS, LIBERALS
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written a book which has been used extensively in the South," he said. He thereupon opened a drawer of his desk and took out a copy which he presented to me. It is called *On the Cuff* and was published by Suffolk University Press. The jacket describes the book as "documented, authoritative." The chief documents and authorities cited are those of the Dies Committee. The scholarly doctor particularly asked me to read certain passages which prove in a manner that Doctor Goebbels would regard as more than adequate that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the direct political descendant of Karl Marx. I wondered, irrelevantly perhaps, whether the trustees of Suffolk University had authorized the use of funds for the dissemination of this Berlin-inspired propaganda designed to further the political fortunes of the Republican candidate for President.

I THOUGHT it would be of interest to learn what Dr. Archer thought about the war and the peace. "I want to win the war as quickly as we can and want to see peace maintained," he said. "I believe we should have the same attitude toward our own nation that Joe Stalin has toward Russia and that Churchill has toward Britain. There must be no surrender of American sovereignty." The phrases were a bit shopworn, it is true, but what's good enough for the McCormick-Patterson-Hearst press was evidently good enough for Dr. Archer. "I don't favor a WPA of the world," he went on. "That's what the administration wants." Three months later the Dewey echo resounded at Louisville.

I inquired how he felt about the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran agreements. "What are the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran agreements?" he countered. "When three individuals get together in secret conference, the people don't know what they agree on." As between Dewey and Archer, it was difficult to say who was plagiarizing whom.

But don't get the idea that Dr. Archer is a hardshell isolationist. In fact, "I favor the League of Nations type of arrangement. We should work out a compact based on law and not merely on the whims of leaders."

"Would you say that Senator Taft's ideas are what you have in mind?"

"So far as I've heard them, Senator Taft's ideas sound sensible." A little later he lashed out at "alien-minded internationalists who are trying to bring in European ideology in place of American concepts of government."

"Who finances your committee?"

"We are financed by the people. We have no large contributors."

"What would you say is the range of contributions?"

"From one dollar to $5,000." Then realizing that the latter figure did not jibe with his statement about no large contributors, he added: "We can count the $5,000 contributors on the fingers of one hand."

"Who is Henry Regnery?"

"He is a Chicago businessman." And though Regnery is listed as a member of the national committee of the American Democratic National Committee, Dr. Archer insisted that he had never met him. While Henry Regnery works with this outfit of nominal Democrats, his father, William H. Regnery, with whom he is associated in business, serves on the national committee of one of Colonel McCormick's pet projects, the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee, which operates among the fascist fringe. The elder Regnery was one of the powers behind the America First Committee. He is chairman of the board of the Central National Bank of Chicago and is president of several window shade manufacturing companies.

"What is the connection of your committee with Father Coughlin?"

"None whatsoever. I have no use for Coughlin's financial ideas."

"Did you know that Mr. Robert M. Harriss, a member of your national committee, was for years closely associated with Coughlin?"

"No, I did not."

Goodwin had come back at this point. "Did you know," I asked Dr. Archer, "that Coughlin has been accused of being a Nazi propagandist?"

"Oh, anybody who's against the New Deal is accused of being a Nazi."

Goodwin broke in with: "Now look, I respect your views and even though I may not agree with some of them, I think we're all working for the same ends; we're only using different methods. But tolerance must be a two-way street. I'm a Christian and a Catholic and it's against my religion to have prejudice against Jews. I don't know anything about Father Coughlin's activities, but I think these charges that he's pro-Nazi or anti-Semitic do a lot of harm."

Dr. Archer had another appointment, but the lush Goodwin rhetoric flowed steadily on as we walked into the outer office. "The Jews should be the last people in the world to stir up intolerance. You ought to hear the way people are talking. I get around and I know. As a Christian, it's my duty to defend the Jews, but you ought to hear the way people are talking. Now suppose I criticized Rabbi Wise, you'd call me anti-Semitic. Why isn't it anti-Catholic to attack Father Coughlin?"

It is curious that a couple of days later, when I interviewed Gerald L. K. Smith and Capt. William J. Grace, head of the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee [see NEW MASSES of July 25 for Mr. Magil's account of these interviews] they gave me precisely this argument about Rabbi Wise and Coughlin—at the same time disclaiming, like Goodwin, any knowledge of the Royal Oak fuehrer's present activities. Evidently this is part of the stock-in-trade of our native fascist and anti-Semitic propagandists. I made several valiant attempts to explain to Goodwin why the attacks on Coughlin were not anti-Catholic, but it was like trying to argue with a hurricane. Finally I turned to leave: when in walked a stocky middle-aged man in a brown suit. Goodwin hastened to introduce us. "This is Mr. Harriss—Robert M. Harriss. Meet Mr. Magil of the NEW MASSES—I guess his name used to be Weinstein." That was Goodwin's unique way of demonstrating that tolerance must be a two-way street.

Harriss is one of those behind-the-scenes people I've always wanted to meet. A member of the cotton brokerage firm of Harriss & Vose, 60 Beaver Street, New York, it was he who, in company with George LeBlanc, international gold trader, visited Charles E. Coughlin at Royal Oak, Mich., back in October 1932 and persuaded him to take up the crusade for monetary inflation. A few months later when the Committee for the Nation was launched, an organization of industrialists and speculators who sought to profit from inflation, Harriss became one of its leading figures along with Gen. Robert E. Wood, later chairman of the America First Committee. This group was believed to have been closely linked with Coughlin. Throughout the years Harriss has continued to be intimately associated with Coughlin as one of his principal political and financial advisers. And his political interests have led him into other pastures as well. A year ago he attended Frank Gannett's National Food Conference in Chicago and became a member of its continuations committee. (Gannett, according to a recent issue of *Publishers Weekly*, has been a frequent guest at the governor's mansion in Albany.) The pursuit of common objectives has also led Harriss to lend a

(*Continued on page* 27)

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I GIVE YOU MY WORD . . . by JOSEPH NORTH

DESTINY IN A BALLOT BOX

THE brilliant spotlight swung wildly across twenty-five thousand faces and focussed on a blind woman. The great crowd cheered her but she could not hear its roar, for life had robbed her of hearing as well as sight. But she stood before the people, and she knew their faces, understood their voices, and she searched their souls. I thought, as I sat in the press-box at Madison Square Garden where I had seen many of the great, that never had I seen so clearly the grandeur of man's spirit. This woman had groped and crawled and clawed her way out of the abyss of darkness into which she was born and here, today, she stood like a goddess, shining on a mountain top. Here, I thought, looking at Helen Keller, was Man.

It was extraordinarily fitting that she spoke at this meeting of America's cultural leaders; here she belonged, for she epitomized what they strove for: the emancipation of man, the freedom of his spirit. That, at bottom, proved the agenda of this meeting; that accounted for the men and women who came here from all corners of the land, and who brought a crowd such as Madison Square Garden had rarely seen; a crowd that spilled out onto the side streets and stayed for every word. The speakers had come sensing that America stood at the crossroads and they, there on the platform, pointed the way. The meaning of our time had spiraled down to two names, Roosevelt and Dewey. In the words of Harlow Shapley, the astronomer whose feet are planted solidly on earth: "Do we go forward with the social evolution that inspires at this time most nations of the earth; or do we return to stagnancy?" That, he said, was the issue we faced in November. Will we choose those "who recognize that a dazzling new day is dawning—the most important epoch yet in our country's great career?" Or will we, like the bullfrog in his parable, return to the "rotting log in the swamp?"

ALL of them asked this question: Davidson the sculptor, Koussevitzky the musician, Bette Davis the actress, Sinclair Lewis the novelist, Henry Wallace the statesman. All the brave company. It was inevitable that they turn up in the same camp. For the culture of America is humanist at its base; through the years our great artists have marched with the people; here was the legacy of Paine and Emerson and Whitman. These were the children of Walt, who sang, in his poem "Long, Too Long, America":

To learn from crises of anguish, advancing
grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
And now to conceive and show to the world what your children en-masse really are. . . .

They had come to show the world what our children *en-masse* really are. For they knew our children; had lived through the times of their great tribulations. They had only to search their memories, their experiences, through the years back to 1929. Koussevitzky who lives with Beethoven, put it well enough when he recalled the "dark year of 1932." Not only was the welfare of the American people in crisis, "but also their cultural values, their great institutions of art, many of which were ready to close their doors and their activities."

It was then President Roosevelt "came forth." And "once again the theaters, the concert-halls were crowded, bringing new audiences, new enthusiasm and a new upswing of creative and artistic forces." The hour, he said, "has come for us, writers, artists, scientists, and musicians, to raise our voice: for the voice of the artist rings from the core of the human soul."

These Americans came to beat back the culture of the Hoovervilles; for they saw that 1944's Dewey was 1929's Hoover. Eddie Cantor put it well in his wire to the meeting; never again did he want to sing "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?" Who, having lived through those days, can ever forget its lines?

Once I built a railroad, made it run
Made it race with the sun
Once I built a railroad, now it's done
Brother, can you spare a dime?

And they remembered too, the antithesis to the culture of the Hoovervilles; remembered the flowering of culture in the much-maligned WPA art projects; when the hanging of murals in the post-offices of Ocala, Fla., and Oklahoma City were familiar topics of local discussion. And that a third of a nation saw live actors for the first time. No, Orson Welles will never forget that: he directed the Negro *Macbeth*, which was seen by 120,000 Negroes and whites. Twelve million people saw these federal plays annually: in that time of depression eighty-seven percent of all admissions were free: the average paid admission was fifteen cents. And so with all the arts. "This," as Michael Gold has pointed out, "meant the truest possible democratization of culture. It belonged to the people." America came into a cultural resurgence. This, fellow-citizens, happened under *Roosevelt*. The culture of Hoover was the rain playing a hopeless symphony upon tin shacks on a city dump. And 1944's Dewey is 1929's Hoover.

I DON'T believe Henry Wallace will ever forget the ovation he got here; to these thousands he represented the champion of America's cultural strivings. And I believe Mr. Wallace learned as much here as he taught. The men and women understood him totally when he said: "I urge all Americans to register so that the largest number of Americans in history may reach the polls on November 7—each to have his part in deciding the leadership for the most critical period this country and this world have ever faced."

Yes, Walt Whitman would have been at home in this company. For Carl Sandburg, in his *War Years*, tells of Walt borrowing fare from John Hay to return home to

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New York to vote the Union ticket "at a time when ballots counted." And to get all his neighbors to vote. This is a time when ballots count.

YES, these were men of the spirit, artists, writers, scientists; but they know the spirit is not disembodied. They know it lives in a frame that requires nourishment—requires work, and peace, and joy. The days of the Ivory Tower are forever gone; these are no disciples of St. Simeon Stylites who sat on a pillar for seven years mortifying the flesh to evoke the spirit. They know that the possession of a soul does not connote the loss of common sense.

Thus they know, that in their time, America's soul lives in a ballot box.

THEY SPOKE FOR ROOSEVELT

Excerpts from speeches pledging support of FDR at Madison Sq. Garden, Sept. 21

HENRY A. WALLACE

GREAT artists, actors, and scientists must be great liberals because in order to create great things they are compelled, for a time at least, to forget "self." In the fever of enthusiasm they strive to create a new beauty, to discover a new truth, to serve mankind in a new way.

The most important seedbed of the future for the production of great scientists, great artists, and great liberal leaders is our twenty million white collar workers.

BETTE DAVIS

IN LESS than seven weeks from tonight, the voters of our country will have faced and come to the greatest decision anybody living today can share in. Our votes can help bring this awesome war to swiftest victory; our votes can insure "peace for many generations"; they can make possible our sure, prosperous progress in the years that lie before us.

Less than seven weeks.

For such a stake, there is not one woman of us but should pledge that she will bring five others to the election headquarters to register; pledge that she will make sure that every one will vote.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

I CAN'T help noticing the nonsense that the Republicans, especially the silver-tongued Mr. Tom Dewey, are saying about Roosevelt being tired, worn-out, completely finished, without any of that flash and dash, that handsome youth and bounding energy, with which Mr. Dewey is so equipped that he might be called the Douglas Fairbanks of politics.

Oh indeed yes. Mr. Roosevelt is just an exhausted old statesman sitting on the White House lawn. Why, recently he has done nothing at all . . . except a few things like this: skip over to Africa—you know, just a twilight stroll—and on to Persia and then back to Washington and take on all the Republicans in Washington single-handed. Then pop up to Hyde Park and to Canada, and do a little fishing and sailing and swimming, and then merely cross these United States and nip over to Hawaii—only nearly a third of the way across the Pacific—with nothing to do there but run the Japanese war. And then go a few more steps, to the Aleutian islands, about halfway to the North Pole, and come back to Washington, and pop up to Quebec to talk with Winston Churchill. And all through this easy jaunting, he hasn't done a thing but keep up all the desk work of the President of the United States, and for relaxation watch the Republican newspapers in their enchanting game of trying to find any reason for believing that Mr. Tom Dewey is anything more than just Mr. Tom Dewey.

Oh, young Mr. Dewey, vigorous Mr. Dewey, statesmanlike and profound Mr. Dewey, when did you ever do in one whole year as much as Mr. Roosevelt still does every month?

I do note that there are a few things in which Mr. Roosevelt *is* old. He is old in strategy, in experience, in the ways of the world. Much though I admire Mr. Dewey's radio voice and his jaunty clothes and his beautiful little moustache, I think I would rather see that wise old fox, FDR, sitting down with Cousin Winston and Uncle Joe Stalin than see our bright boy Tommy sitting with them. . . .

And that is what a writer whose job it is to study the people, *all* the people, is thinking. And this time it isn't just a pretty story that he is telling, but a report upon a danger that *is* real and that could be—*disastrous!*

DR. CHANNING H. TOBIAS

IT IS my firm conviction that we can not afford to trust national leadership at a time like this to a party, even though it be my own party—the Republican Party—that was so intent on going back to normalcy and so afraid of progress that it refused to expose the delegates to its national convention to the presence of the titular head and most prophetic voice of the party, choosing rather to call from enforced retirement the twin apostles of reaction and make them the symbol of the party's hopes and aims.

JO DAVIDSON

IN THE struggle for liberty, the men of the arts and the sciences have a tremendous stake. In a free world, we can create. In a world of tyranny, our lives are stunted and threatened with death. We are for liberty because we are for life—and we are here united to serve this liberty that we cherish by putting all our strength behind the re-election of the proved leader of our free America—the prophet of world peace founded in freedom and justice—Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

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CAN WE PUT SCIENCE TO WORK? II

By HARRY GRUNDFEST

This is the second of two articles on the postwar problems of American scientists. In his first article in last week's issue Dr. Grundfest, who is national secretary of the American Association of Scientific Workers, discussed full employment of the nation's scientific personnel after the war and their readjustment and retraining. These articles are part of a series NEW MASSES *is publishing on the postwar outlook for the various professional and white collar groups.*

ALTHOUGH the scientist traditionally has been paid far below the value of his training and his contributions to society, his standards of living are high. He spends a large share of his income for education, insurance, and health protection. His social milieu makes considerable demands on him for housing, dress, entertainment, etc. He is expected to maintain cultural contacts, with attendant expenditures for books, magazines, the theater, and concerts. There are certain professional expenses: membership dues in societies, expensive technical books and periodicals, costs of scientific meetings. Sometimes he even has to pay part of the cost of publishing his work.

His demands are relatively modest. Primarily, he will want full employment of his skills and the knowledge that his scientific contributions are utilized as fully as possible to enable the nation and the entire world to achieve standards of living and happiness unbelievably higher than those now prevailing. Insistence by scientists and by the public on immediate and full-scale application of scientific advances will be an important factor in the postwar world. In our country alone there would be a tremendous rise in our relatively high standard of living by the adoption of a comprehensive program of public health and preventive medicine; by the immediate postwar application of new technologies in metals, plastics, and synthetic fibers; by the utilization of engineering advances in construction, design of power units such as the airplane, automobile, and stationary motor; by making available cheap supplies of chemicals, metals, biologicals, and fertilizers; and by developing new and old cultural sources: among them FM, television, and color printing processes.

The scientist will expect to share fully in this increase of the general standard of living. He will want better postwar educational facilities for his children and assurance that he and his family will have job security and security against old age and disease.

There are some signs that scientists are prepared to organize themselves to secure these benefits. The Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians, the State, County, and Municipal Workers, the United Federal Workers, and the United Office and Professional Workers number scientists among their members. Several independent unions are also in existence and the larger technical societies are beginning to consider the economic problems of their members. That scientists can benefit from trade union membership has been clearly shown in Great Britain. The Association of Scientific Workers in Great Britain rose from a mere 2,000 members to about 25,000 two years after it had become a trade union.

THE results which may be expected from international collaboration in the scientific, cultural, industrial, and political spheres I have commented on in my first article. The immediate problems of international scientific collaboration are quite specific, being determined by the war we are fighting and the peace we aim to achieve.

1. It is necessary to have the closest possible collaboration among the Allies in the field of scientific activities as well as in the military, economic, and political spheres. To a certain extent this collaboration has been achieved with some countries, particularly with Great Britain and the Dominions, where our government maintains special scientific missions. Contacts with the Soviet Union and with China are more sporadic and occur chiefly through unofficial channels. The British, on the other hand, maintain much closer contacts with the scientists of China (where Joseph Needham, the noted biologist, is a scientific adviser in Chungking) and with those of the Soviet Union. Britain is also the haven of many refugee scientists from the occupied countries. These refugees have even established complete university faculties in England.

All the United Nations no doubt would benefit from the interchange of scientific missions. Our government is in a position to take the lead in establishing such missions formally. Some useful results would be achieved also by contacts between the professional societies of the various nations. A beginning has already been made in establishing such contacts between the United States and the Soviet Union, through the Science Committee of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship and the American-Soviet Medical Society, both of which should receive even more support from scientists and the general public.

2. We are fighting in company with many small countries, as well as colonial or industrially undeveloped nations. Our science and knowledge will have to come to their aid in solving their special problems. This is now taking place as a wartime measure in Latin America, Canada, India, and China. Much more can be done to bring the latest technological and scientific advances to these peoples and regular channels should be established for exchange of students, teachers, literature, etc. Anything we do in this direction will reciprocally benefit our own country as well, sometimes even to an extent larger than our contribution abroad.

3. A vast problem happily is coming ever nearer—the problem of reconstructing the cultural institutions devastated in the territories occupied by the fascists. This task of rebuilding and restocking laboratories, libraries, and other institutions will have to be undertaken largely by the United States. We must not stint on it, for in the measure of our success will we establish the concrete and living symbols of international friendship and collaboration. To approach this task, it is necessary to set up a "cultural UNRRA" with adequate funds and comprehensive plans. Scientists and educators of the United Nations are already making some plans for this, but it would be well for the general public to help in the planning and to demand its early execution.

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4. In the postwar period science will play a larger role than ever in shaping the world, and more consciously. Scientists will therefore need a larger share than they now have in formulating and determining international (and national) policies. Further, since these policies will have a great deal to do with the industrialization and growth of the undeveloped parts of the world, there will have to be a high degree of collaboration among scientists of all countries. These all indicate the need for formal governmental action to set up a permanent world scientific body on the order of the International Labor Office of the League, but tied to the international body which has been promised in the Teheran agreement.

5. Science can be a powerful force both in the present struggle against fascism and in the postwar development of a world organization. At present, for example, scientists can support their governments in the fight against fascism on the intellectual and cultural fronts. This is particularly important since scientists can speak with authority on many phases of fascist dogma and because scientists are respected by their lay countrymen. University people have been in the forefront of the fight for democracy and national unity in China. The traditions of the European universities as centers of liberalism and progress were sustained in Loyalist Spain, and many of Spain's scientists now are refugees. These traditions have been caried over into the Latin American countries.

A particularly stirring example of this liberalism occurred on October 13, 1943, when one hundred and fifty of Argentina's most eminent citizens in all walks of life issued a Declaration of Effective Democracy and American Solidarity calling for a return of Argentina to its constitutional government, and the exercise of effective democracy. "Argentina cannot and should not," the statement said, "apply only a part of her constitution and live isolated or estranged from her brother peoples of America and from those of the world fighting for democracy." Among its signers were some of Argentina's leading professionals and scientists, including South America's most eminent scientist, Dr. Bernado A. Houssay, professor of physiology at Buenos Aires and the only Latin American Nobel prize winner in science.

When the government of Argentina took punitive measures by dismissing all those signers connected with any public office (including all the university profesors) the American Association of Scientific Workers protested through a message sent to Secretary Hull.

Another recent action of the American Association of Scientific Workers undertaken as part of our fight against fascism, has had considerable repercussions. The story of the pamphlet *The Races of Mankind*, by Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish, is too long to detail here. Despite the violent attacks against it, this pamphlet, sponsored by the AASW, has already become a classic in the fight for interracial amity in our country, with more than 500,000 copies in circulation. In deciding to undertake wide distribution of *The Races of Mankind* among servicemen and women the National CIO War Relief Committee declared: "We feel this pamphlet is one of the best weapons in the hands of our soldiers. It certainly is one of the best answers to Hitler's Aryan creed. It promotes tolerance by showing the brotherhood of mankind, the likeness and fundamental unity of the races. It states that the cure for race prejudice lies in freedom from fear. It emphasizes one of the fundamental principles for which our men and women in the armed forces are fighting."

Through such organizations as the AASW, which emphasize the social relations of science and bring scientists into closer contact with the problems that face society, scientists will play an increasing part in building the world envisaged by the Teheran agreement.

I have outlined some of the problems which face scientists immediately and in the postwar period. I have tried to indicate solutions for some specific situations. Basically, these solutions call for considerable national and international governmental action in the way of organizing, coordinating, and financing. Various proposals of this sort have in the past been attacked as "regimentation." The trend of modern life, however, calls more and more on central, organized action to provide an ever-widening array of services which society is finding essential. It is clear that the development of science and knowledge is one of these essentials.

The more scientists and their societies realize that they must cooperate with government in making these plans, the greater will be the opportunity for their individual ideas to enter into the final working arrangements. Thus far there has been a serious rift among scientists. While some have advocated the course outlined above, others have followed a rather inconsistent policy. Funds poured out by the government have been accepted, but the government's right or ability to exercise some measure of control in the public interest has been denied. The latter group of scientists has been merely critical rather than constructive concerning attempts to develop centralized planning in the scientific sphere. For instance, the Kilgore bill to set up an Office of Scientific and Technical Mobilization has been violently attacked, and usually unfairly, by the major scientific societies. Yet the need for postwar planning of science and technology is so patent that various modifications of the original bill are receiving support from many individual scientists and other progressive forces in our country. In Congress, too, these postwar plans have been gaining support. The scientific societies will therefore be forced to abandon their special form of "isolationism" and to take part in formulating plans which are based on the recognition of certain great responsibilities that science bears to society. Failing this, society will itself take the necessary steps and impose them on the structure of science in our country.

In some countries scientists have already begun to lay their postwar plans in conjunction with government, business, and labor. The Association of Scientific Workers in Great Britain held an epoch-making Conference on the Planning of Science a year ago, with government ministers and other leaders as important participants. The Australian Association of Scientific Workers held a similar conference this May, but details have not yet reached this country.

Increased readiness of American scientists to join with others of their professional colleagues in formulating postwar plans has recently been indicated by the increased participation of scientific societies in the second National Wartime Conference, as compared with their participation in the first. Among these were the American Academy of Pediatrics, American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Association of Scientific Workers, American Dental and American Medical Associations, the American Psychological Association, and the American Sociological Society. The success of the conference also revealed another new factor: the growing recognition by scientists of the fundamental unity of the professional, cultural, and white collar workers of this country.

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THE SPEECH DEWEY WON'T FORGET

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech before the International Brotherhood of Teamsters was much more than a masterpiece of political oratory. It was a great act of national illumination which caught in a pitiless blaze the Stygian depths of fraud and confusion and disunity into which the Dewey campaign had sought to drag the minds of the American people. It was a challenging assault on all those who in a time that calls for greatness dare to offer America the meanness and mediocrity, the chicanery and bungling reaction that tower in the personality of Thomas E. Dewey. In its strength and confidence and humor this was a richly American speech, and at the same time there was in it the accent of world history.

The anguished cry which Governor Dewey wrenched out of himself—this time without waiting to consult the public opinion polls—was eloquent testimony to the effectiveness of the President's address. Caught in the act of kicking his opponent below the belt and then trying to steal his clothes, the Hoover-Taft candidate yells "foul." But millions who listened over the air now know the facts. At one thrust Mr. Roosevelt punctured the pretence and pomposity of all of Dewey's campaign speeches, revealed the little man behind them, and gave fresh proof of his own stature, his own fitness to lead the nation greatly in peace as in war. With the cool ease and finesse that are peculiarly his own FDR spiked the Dewey attempt to palm off the myth that the depression was a Roosevelt product, while claiming for himself and the GOP all the Roosevelt social achievements; the lie that the administration was planning to delay the demobilization of the boys in the armed forces after the war; "the most ridiculous of these campaign falsifications," the one about the administration failing to prepare for the war; the bid for the pro-fascist "nationalist" vote in the irresponsible Dewey statement about MacArthur. The President pulled no punches: this is "the propaganda technique invented by the dictators abroad," the technique elaborated in Hitler's *Mein Kampf*.

Speaking before an AFL union and in the presence of a number of outstanding AFL leaders, including President William Green and Dan Tobin, head of the Teamsters, Mr. Roosevelt also took occasion to reply to the GOP efforts to incite public sentiment against the labor movement, particularly against the CIO Political Action Committee. He upheld labor's record on the no-strike pledge and vigorously defended the right of workers to contribute financially to political parties. The very fact that the President opened his campaign before such an audience was itself a refutation of the canard that he is under the thumb of Sidney Hillman and PAC. And the presence of one of the nation's most enterprising industrialists, the shipbuilder, Henry Kaiser—applauding with the rest—served to give the lie to the Republican attempts to paint the President as an enemy of private enterprise.

The positive postwar program that the President touched on—a program already underway for assuring full production, for a wage policy that will sustain purchasing power, for disposing of government-owned plants and facilities "on the basis of how they can be best operated by private enterprise to give jobs to the greatest number"—this program and the Roosevelt record in international relations demonstrate that he, and not Dewey, represents the real interests of American capital, as well as of labor and agriculture.

The President has sounded the call to arms. But he alone cannot win the election and assure our country's future. In a sense the outcome will be determined by the results of registration. The Republican stategists are counting on a low turnout to give them victory by default. Let all who were inspired by FDR's magnificent address make certain that a decisive majority of the 75,000,000 potential voters register and cast their ballots.

Earl Browder (left), Benjamin J. Davis, Jr. (below).

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Communist movement, Madison Square Garden, September 28.

MR. ROOSEVELT has spared us the thankless task of examining in detail Governor Dewey's addresses of the past week (his speech at Oklahoma City replying to the President was delivered too late for comment in this issue). These addresses, like the candidate himself, seem to be put together with glue and Scotch tape. Nor have the careful ampules of synthetic "liberalism" injected into them been able to obliterate their brown Hooverish taste. These exercises in talking out of both sides of the mouth are quite reckless in their partisan sniping and in their promise to do better than Roosevelt what most of the Republican leaders tried to prevent him from doing at all. Even so good a friend of Dewey's as Westbrook Pegler—whom Secretary Ickes has nominated for Secretary of Labor in the Dewey cabinet—thought it "unlikely" that the GOP candidate actually believed that the National Labor Relations Act "is a good and a necessary law." But that is what "a great majority of the people in both parties" believe, moaned Pegler, and so Dewey "bowed to the public superstition."

In his speech on labor policy, however, Dewey paid Pegler the compliment of lifting one of his favorite phrases when he spoke of driving "both the racketeers and the Communists from positions of power in the labor movement." But apart from this, the cruder Red-baiting is being left to Dewey's running mate, Governor Bricker, and to the hired publicists who are clearing everything with McCormick and Hearst. These efforts to make Communism one of the principal campaign issues cast a revealing light on the Republican standard-bearer's attempt to make it appear that he and Secretary Hull stand on the same ground in re-

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gard to postwar collaboration with our allies. For how can Dewey be counted on to collaborate sincerely with the Communists in power in Russia and with the Communists who are in the governments of France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and other countries if in his own country he crusades against "Communism," using that term as broadly and recklessly as Goebbels?

As for the fake issue of "the indispensable man," Vice President Wallace gave the proper reply in his speech at Madison Square Garden last week when he pointed out that the issue is not indispensability, but which of the two candidates can do the better job. We have had ample demonstration of President Roosevelt's qualifications. In the course of this campaign we have also had ample demonstration that Governor Dewey totally lacks the necessary qualifications, but possesses certain others of a decidedly menacing character. What *is* indispensable for America and the world is that the policies the President represents, and Dewey beneath his mask opposes, should continue.

Reconvert Congress

THE reconversion bills passed by Congress just before its adjournment are a fair sample of the postwar world our legislators have in mind. Adequate measures have been taken to protect industry from losses arising from the changeover to peace production. But all progressive proposals to shield the men and women who produce our fighting equipment from the hardships of unemployment have been defeated. The prewar state unemployment standards remain the sole protection of the unemployed. This is reconversion to pre-war economy with all its uncertainty and evils. This is an invitation to economic depression and chaos. This is another effort to scuttle the administration plans outlined in the recent Byrnes report.

Congress adjourned in order to participate in the election campaign. The reconversion issue is now before the people. All the supporters of the plans contained in the Baruch report, the Byrnes report and the Murray-Kilgore proposals should center their main efforts on the election campaign to defeat the men of small faith and vision who strive to return to the normalcy of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. If the farsighted and progressive reconversion aims of the administration are to be realized, it is indispensable that this election results in the reconversion of the present Congress.

Thoughts on an Anniversary

ANYBODY taken in by Roy Howard's recent effort to dissociate his chain's policy from that of Westbrook Pegler needs to reevaluate his judgment. As a matter of fact, since the columnist joined William Randolph Hearst's stable, Howard's New York organ, the *World-Telegram,* has outdone itself to cut Hearst down to size. In the past the Howard journal used to do the job with a bit more finesse—not much, but some. Now, hell-bent for election, practically no issue appears without its ambitious smear. Using the brush more frantically than ever, it sought, last week, to intimidate Basil Harris, president of the United States Lines, from appearing at the banquet in honor of Ferdinand C. Smith, secretary of the National Maritime Union. Mr. Harris related the efforts of the Howard editors to scare him off: "Aren't you going to withdraw from this banquet?" they bullied. "Don't you know that Curran and Smith are two notorious Communists?" Mr. Harris replied: "So what?" These men, he said at the dinner, were exemplary in their war efforts, and he didn't care to know what their politics were. He said he hoped his fruitful collaboration with them would continue into the postwar era, and he received a reply in kind from the union leaders.

Today, on the eve of the nation's most crucial elections, we believe the "so what?" answer is an imperative on the national scene. Communism is no issue in this campaign, but the ending of anti-Communism, the oldest device of Adolf Hitler, is. America has come of age, politically, and must realize this truth. We believe that William Gropper, on another page, tells the story better than words can. Admiration for the heroic war contributions by Communists of all other lands has led to general realization that this country can benefit by cooperation with them. Can that need for mutual understanding and trust be met when, here at home, the GOP candidate and most organs backing him, indulge in the wildest campaigns of Red-baiting, exceeded only by the old master himself, the saddened house-painter of Berchtesgaden? We believe not. Today, when the Communists celebrate the first-quarter century of their movement in this country, these are a few necessary thoughts to ponder.

The Legion Comes of Age

THE newsreels of the American Legion Convention held in Chicago this past week still bore all the earmarks of the hullabaloo and hi-jinks that have so long made the Legion's conventions resemble a college reunion in the twenties, but the Legion is nonetheless coming of age. Its twenty-sixth annual convention closed with a file of work accomplished that becomes a major national organization which knows it has an important role to play in these years. It celebrated its greatest achievement in a consistent fight for veterans' legislation: the passage by Congress of the GI Bill of Rights which it officially sponsored and, with assistance of nationwide support from labor, got on the books. It declared its "faith in the foreign policy of our government" and went on record with the statement that "the consummation of the policies and principles declared at Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran should command the united support of all Americans." There was no baiting of our allies, no Red-baiting. Labor was given a warm hand in response to AFL President William Green's plea for united action by labor and the veterans for a postwar economy of abundance. The Legion is beginning to shoulder the responsibilities befitting an organization which, one has every reason to expect, will come to speak for the veterans of World War II.

But its achievements are as yet uneven and the resolutions show serious omissions and contradictions which will have to be ironed out if the Legion is to play its proper role in these crucial

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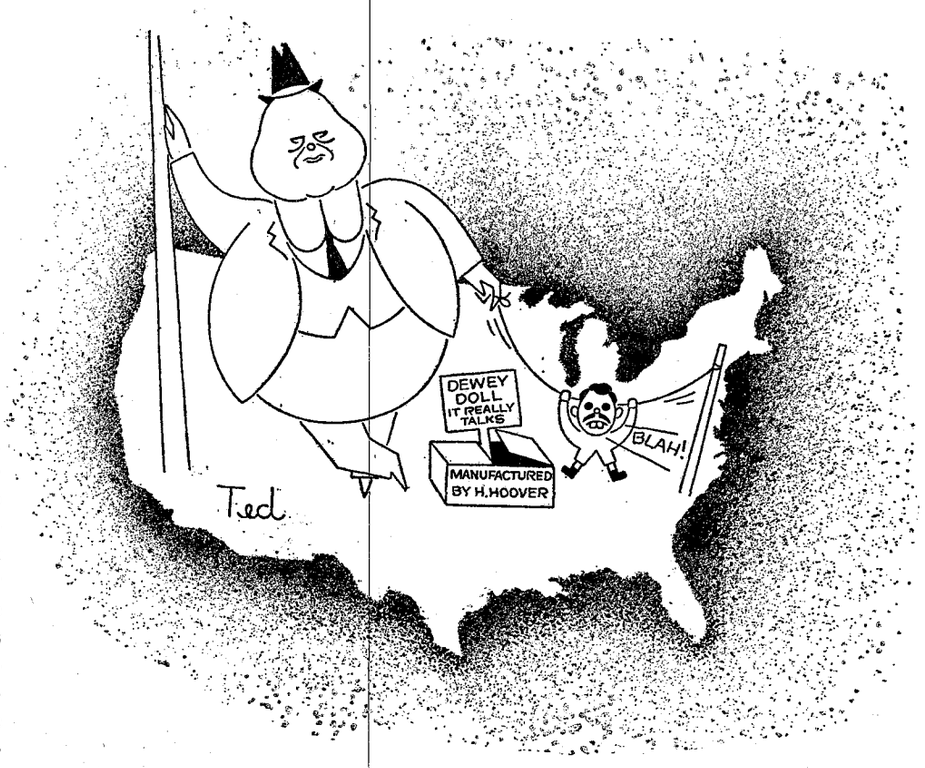
years. The alive and patriotic forces which brought forward the excellent statements on foreign policy were not strong enough, or perhaps not alert enough, to avert a handful of resolutions that work directly against the general forward-looking trend of the convention as a whole. The call for the deportation of aliens charged with being "subversive," for a permanent congressional committee on un-American activities, for the closing of all immigration until the level of postwar unemployment sinks below the million mark, bear the trademark of a clique of unreconstructed reactionaries who still sit on many of the Legion's leading committees. The Legion needs really to grasp the hand that labor offers in the solution of veterans' problems. Most of all it needs to welcome to its ranks, not after the armistice is signed, but now, the young blood of the returning veterans of this war. Such moves would effectively take the breath from the dishonorable little group who put through the discordant and backward-looking resolutions that embarrass the Legion's record for 1944.



Italian Crisis

WHEN the news from Italy is added together the result is a drab, heartbreaking picture with every indication that affairs are becoming ever more desperate. And desperation brings its own violent rewards. The death meted out by several thousand Italians to the fascist killer, Donato Caretta, is a vantage point from which to look up and down the peninsula to see what is happening. To begin with there is hunger and its attendant misery. The reports brought back to President Roosevelt by General O'Dwyer tell a story of malnutrition and rampant disease such as public health officers have not encountered in years. The Nazis had their special way of handling these problems: they exterminated the hungry (hunger and rebellion are old partners) and killed off the sick. Our tasks and our ways are different. It is for us to restore confidence and health and to help in the rehabilitation of a people whose men and women in the ranks of the Partisans are fighting by our side. But the job we want to do as outlined at the Moscow Conference has not been done. It has been stymied by an agency of our creation and Britain's, the AMG. Let it be clear then that when a hungry people whose affairs, in addition, are badly administered, see no respite from their plight, anger and fury intervene and the result is such an incident as the attack on Caretta. There are hardly any other reasons and the wonder of it is that Italians have been patient and restrained so long.

Correspondents in Rome sense that the Caretta affair is the first rumbling of something that may become even more serious as winter approaches. Those correspondents, however, are completely wrong—especially the fatuous Herbert Matthews of the New York *Times*—who attribute acts of violence to the weakness of the Bonomi government and conclude that what is needed, therefore, is more AMG tutelage. The truth is that if the Italian government has its shortcomings, they are imposed by AMG. The cabinet and its subsidiary agencies are under AMG orders and control. And if AMG were not shot through with undemocratic officials operating a policy contrary to the Moscow agreement there would have been no Caretta explosion, because he and other fascist criminals would have been punished a long time ago. The paramount necessity, then, is less and less AMG to the point of its complete elimination, and more and more Italian civil administration to the point where it becomes supreme without hindrance or restriction.

If nothing more menacing has happened in Italy, this is due to the great stabilizing influence of the Socialists, the Communists and, to a large degree, the Christian Democrats. They have pointed the finger of accusation where it should be pointed, and the recent formation of the Socialist-Communist alliance has been a rallying center of working class forces to preserve order despite the provocations of parasitical landlords and fascists now parading as "democrats." These groups have been doing everything to add political chaos to the economic. From our end we have far to go to mitigate a dangerous state of affairs, although the President has shown deep concern and urged the American delegation on UNRRA to extend relief to Italy. UNRRA has approved $50,000,000 for such purposes. This is a small sum compared to Italy's need but it is a good beginning.

The Finnish Armistice

THE armistice granted Finland cannot be judged solely by the measure of whether it is generous or severe. Finland has a price to pay for her malfeasance and her participation in a predatory war. From the point of view of making her punishment fit her crimes Finland has come off very well indeed. In fact the terms she has been given are eminently just considering that there is no possible repayment for the lives she took as a voluntary partner of the Hitlerites. Who can estimate what the life of a Leningrad youngster, now dead as a

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result of Finnish shelling, is worth? Who can calculate the value of the Soviet cultural treasures destroyed by Finnish bombardment? There can be no accounting for these losses and there can be no reparations for the pain and suffering which Helsinki inflicted. As a matter of cold bookkeeping the damage caused by Finland to the Soviet Union is many more times that which she will have to repay. Last April when the USSR offered to accept $600,000,000 as compensation this was only half of the actual damage. Now the Soviet claim has been scaled down to $300,000,000 to be paid in goods over a period of six years. In other words the Finns will be paying for only a small portion of the havoc they wrought. If in consequence Finnish economy will suffer, that will not begin to compare with what it has undergone as the fruit of its willingness to fight alongside the Nazis. The one territorial concession made by Finland at Petsamo—the Porkkala peninsula base is to be leased at a nice rental and therefore cannot be considered a concession—belonged ironically enough to Russia and was ceded Finland in 1920. The Baltic area as a result of these terms will have at least some degree of security against aggression, with Finland benefitting as much as the USSR.

But the strict observance of the armistice conditions is merely the beginning of Finland's redemption. Thoroughgoing internal changes will be imperative before Helsinki can be thought of as conforming in fact with what it now professes in words. Most of Finland's genuine democratic leaders have been languishing in the prisons. Their release and their return to prominence in Finnish political life should help restore her to the independence she lost as a Nazi vassal. The prompt dissolution, as outlined in the armistice, of the fascist organizations and the punishment of her war criminals will be tokens of how seriously ruling circles have surrendered their dreams of a "greater" Finland.

China's Tasks

DISPATCHES from China show, for one thing, that democratic forces have managed to open a gap in the severe censorship imposed by the Chungking bureaucracy. For another, they demonstrate the growing interest of the American people and the newspapers in what is happening in the land of our hard-pressed ally. The Chinese people, too, are beginning to be heard in their own country. The speech which Lin Tso-han, one of the Communist Party representatives on the People's Political Council, was recently able to make before that advisory body marks the first time since the beginning of the war that the internal crisis has been discussed publicly and frankly. That also indicates the growing strength of China's democratic elements.

While these may be straws which show that the wind is blowing in a good direction, the storm has by no means passed from Chinese skies. No basic decisions have been reached regarding unity among all those elements willing to fight against the Japanese. Indeed, the negotiations between the Kuomintang and Communists which were broken off two weeks ago have yet to be resumed. Until they are and until they are successfully concluded the fundamental problem besetting China will not have been touched.

The need for a far deeper understanding of the Chinese crisis is conspicuous in this country as well as among obscurantist circles in Chungking. The New York *Herald-Tribune*, for instance, received the news of Donald Nelson's efforts to help China bring more of its economic power to bear upon the war by commenting editorially that the "disagreeable truth" of the matter was that there was nothing in western China upon which to build even the semblance of a war economy. "Western China," it says, "is a land with a semi-feudal and agricultural economy which has primitive handicraft industries but little immediate potential for creating the weapons of war, except for a limited production of small arms." Granted that a Detroit or a Pittsburgh cannot under the most favorable conditions be speedily developed in the Chinese hinterland, we are greatly impressed with the accomplishments of the Communists, who have fashioned a war base capable of supporting sizable and effective armies out of a region which was far more backward than are Szechuan or Yunnan.

What the war requires for the rapid transformation of Kuomintang economy is the elimination of the feudal bureaucracy dominating the national government and frustrating the action of troops who want to fight the Japanese. And one of the best ways to help bring this about is for the United States to render every possible economic aid to a reconstituted government under Chiang Kai-shek. Nothing short of a coalition government in which all patriotic groups are represented will be capable of completing the stupendous task which China faces.

Thaelmann

FOR eleven years he paced their torture cells and for eleven years they plied him with flattery and then they would flog him because the flattery would not work. His keepers said to him, to this stevedore from Hamburg, play ball with us, Thaelmann, and you can have anything you want. We need your prestige and we need your words. But his words were not theirs. They were afraid of him. Imagine that — the mighty strutters afraid of this lean, tough man whom they had hidden away behind their prison forts of steel and concrete. Thaelmann alive meant a living anti-fascism. Thaelmann alive was the herald of a future Germany cleansed of barbarism. Thaelmann alive meant a voice of hope in that cruel jungle of the Third Reich. And when their fortunes were lowest they came to him again to rally support for them. We don't know how it was and what were the exact words of his reply. But we know what he must have said because they killed him—killed him out of fright of what it would mean if he remained alive. And they are still so frightened that Himmler and Goebbels have to tell the world that it was not they who killed him but Allied bombers. It was August 28 they said that planes flew over and Thaelmann was among the rubble. But there was no Allied raid on August 28; there was just the squad of Hitler's assassins come to murder Thaelmann because he would not say yes.

Now he is dead, this great German Communist, this blazing inspiration to anti-fascists the world over. And if there is any decency and honor left in that prisonland it will nourish itself on his memory. He was the enemy of the despotism that stands now in all its revolting nakedness. He was the heir to the great tradition that fought Prussianism; he was the heir of Heine and of Marx and Engels. For eleven years they feared to bring him to trial. They remembered Dimitrov. Now the sentence they passed on Thaelmann is the sentence coming to pass on them.

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REVIEW and COMMENT

PROFILE OF A GERMAN WORKER

By SAMUEL SILLEN

AMERICAN wartime novels dealing with Europe have seemed hasty and superficial compared with the books of Europeans themselves, whether in exile or at the scene of action. Erskine Caldwell's *All Night Long* pales beside Wanda Wasilewska's *The Rainbow,* John Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down* beside Anna Seghers' *The Seventh Cross*. Well-intentioned, American novels about Germany and the invaded countries have had a remote, frequently synthetic quality, bordering on the absurdly pretentious in a book like *Retreat from Rostov*. Too many merely rode the wave of topical interest.

In sharp contrast to the quickies with a war veneer, Albert Maltz's *The Cross and the Arrow* is a penetrating study of Hitlerite Germany that compares favorably with such outstanding recent books as Franz Weiskopf's *The Firing Squad* and Bodo Uhse's *Lieutenant Bertram.** It is one American novel about Europe in this war that presses beyond the headlines and exteriors to reach truths about people significant far beyond their immediate context. An intensely dramatic, thought-compelling novel, *The Cross and the Arrow* represents a leap forward for the author as well as for American fiction of World War II. Able as his previous work has been—his plays, short stories, film scripts, and his novel *The Underground Stream*—nothing that Albert Maltz has written approaches the new book in psychological depth, emotional force, artistic mastery. It is a distinguished novel.

Above all, it is distinguished by its maturity of thought, a quality of serious intellectual probing which current American fiction as a whole conspicuously lacks. Maltz is here trying to understand and judge the moral bankruptcy of the German people under Hitler. The war has exploded the old liberal formula that the Germans, living under a regime of terror, had no alternative but support of the Nazis. There was always the alternative of resistance. Why have the German people, why has the German working class in particular, shunned this alternative, except for the tiny minority of heroic anti-fascists? Is there an inherent national viciousness that pre-ordains the Germans to be accomplices in the aggressive brutishness of their militaristic leaders? Or does the ghastly corruption of civilized values in Germany betray a rottenness at the core of mankind? Such questions provide the moral and psychological issues of *The Cross and the Arrow*.

They are richly explored in a narrative which seeks to explain why a German worker named Willi Wegler set fire to an arrow of hay directing British bombers to a camouflaged arms factory. Before that act of sabotage, Wegler had never lifted a hand against the Nazis. Only the day before he had received a War Service Cross for exemplary service in the factory. What accounts for this paradox? What is the relation between the Cross and the Arrow?

THE terrific suspense of the story, in which motive-analysis and action are skilfully blended, derives from this question, and the various characters are illuminated as they search for its answer. Wegler, lying on a hospital bed, hoping only that he will not die before the bombers come, looks for a meaningful pattern in his past. The Gestapo man, Kehr, and the Labor Front leader, Baumer, spend a restlessly anxious night quizzing Wegler's factory bunkmates and the farm woman Berthe Lingg, whom Wegler was to marry. Dr. Zoder, the cynical physician, tries to reconcile Wegler's act with his own view that the German people, uniformly corrupt, must be exterminated. And Pastor Frisch, whose hatred of fascism had been nourished in a concentration camp, re-defines his faith in God and man as he contemplates the meaning of Wegler's totally unexpected act.

Eugene Karlin

Technically, Maltz has utilized his experience as stage and film craftsman. The entire present action takes place in the hours between Wegler's sabotage and the British bombing; the flashbacks, which could easily have been cumbersome and forced, effectively review Wegler's past, deepening and expanding the implications of his life.

Wegler recalls that he "had never been a liar or a cheat or dishonest; he had obeyed the laws, accepted each government in its turn, and worked like a dog." Unlike his Communist friend Karl, he had accepted his fate, whistling his way through life as long as it was not altogether intolerable; the Nazis he did not particularly dislike; the war he accepted as he would a sickness. All these years he had been a blind man, but a core of decency remained and he was in the end revolted by the cumulative barbarities of Nazism. He was guilty nonetheless; his belief that he was not personally responsible for Hitlerism was shattered when the Labor Leader pinned a gleaming Cross on his breast:

"For in that moment he had to know the ugly truth at last: that he, too, was guilty, and no less guilty than all the rest . . . that by his faithful work at the steam hammer, he, too, had enslaved these Poles . . . that he, too, had carried a dead woman's sweater to

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*THE CROSS AND THE ARROW, *by Albert Maltz. Little, Brown.* $2.75.

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Berthe Lingg along with Rudy . . . that he, too, had bought a Pole in the town square for seventeen marks—and that he had done these things by complicity, by his work and by his silence—and that he, too, was stained with guilt."

In the figure of Willi Wegler, Maltz has portrayed the devastating consequences of the confusion, inertia, and apathy which have served the fascists so well. Those Germans who did not think of themselves as Nazis, but nevertheless accommodated themselves to Nazi rule, helped Hitler plunder and murder. Only men who are still capable of sabotage and revolt can belatedly bring a measure of dignity to their compromised lives, but how many Weglers exist in Germany remains to be seen in the coming weeks.

If Wegler understood the bestiality of fascism too late, Pastor Frisch had no illusions after he was dragged from his church, forced to crawl on all fours and howl like a dog. He is the enlightened conscience of the novel as he reflects: "How profound it was—this stew of corruption into which so many of his people had been plunged—how deep and awful and unbelievable! There was no brain to encompass it, or tongue to speak it—and it was the saddest page in the ledger of humankind." So sad a page, indeed, that the earnest pastor nearly loses faith not only in the future regeneration of his country but in the soul of a man. He is exalted by Wegler's deed, and his passionate argument with the cynical Zoder expresses a newfound conviction that with Germany defeated "this evil time will pass. I know that the sun hangs black in the sky, that the bones of slaughtered men are like pebbles on the earth—but I know all this violence will pass. And I know that Man will struggle forward to a golden destiny."

That men will struggle forward only over the dead bodies of the Gestapo men like Kehr and the Labor Leaders like Baumer, only over the corpses of Nazi-poisoned youths like Berthe Lingg's soldier son, the novel leaves no doubt. Maltz's portraits of these Nazi types are powerfully drawn, with sharp insight into their jealousies, fears, and cruelties, their moral perversity.

Like every novel of stature, *The Cross and the Arrow* transcends its particular subject matter, enabling us to understand human types everywhere. It does not comfort us with the illusion that only in one country could men descend to such evil depths, nor does it suggest that fascism is a mystic infection of the German bloodstream. In defining his characters so acutely Maltz arrives at truths about human behavior and its social implications that may well be taken to heart in America. At the same time, it is a limitation of the novel that it gives only a sketchy indication of the particular circumstances of Germany's development that found their culmination in Nazism. Pastor Frisch's over-generalized statements on man's age-old capacity for evil do not adequately explain why anti-human reaction should have found its most terrible modern expression in Germany.

The sustained power of this timely book places it in the front rank of contemporary American fiction. It deals with central human issues profoundly and sensitively. It is an absorbing novel, intensely dramatic, reflecting in its vigorous and often poetic style the craftsmanship of a writer who has wonderfully matured. *The Cross and the Arrow* is one of the truly outstanding literary achievements of the war period.

E. B. White's Snack-Bar

ONE MAN'S MEAT, *by E. B. White. Harper. $2.75.*

E. B. WHITE's book of essays is represented by the publishers as "a civilian's report, and for soldiers it is a letter from home." Reading its leisurely, humorous and highly personal pages, one wonders about this at first, but gradually grows convinced that there is sound reason for the author's tributes from overseas. For the book is, very broadly and in a healthy sense, thoroughly American, with attitudes that must warmly appeal to many, soldier and civilian alike. Mr. White's journal, covering the period from July 1938 to January 1943, has as its base the multiple problems confronting a city man who is determined to combine his craft of writing with the personal operation of a Maine salt-water farm. And it gains much that is wholesome from thus having its nose constantly held to the grindstone of practical tasks and the realities of neighborly relationships in a small farming community.

Mr. White shows himself to be, first of all, a passionate believer in democracy. Every few pages and in great variety this belief finds expression. Sometimes it is in that sheepish and almost embarrassed manner which we often employ when we fear being caught speaking publicly of our deepest convictions. Sometimes it is bold and challeng-

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ing, as when the author, profoundly disturbed, comments on the popularity of Anne Lindbergh's *Wave of the Future*, or when, on a trip to New York during July 1940, contact with pro-fascist apologists moves him to exclaim, "I just want to tell, before I get slowed down, that I am in love with freedom and that it is an affair of long standing and that it is a fine state to be in, and that I am deeply suspicious of people who are beginning to adjust to fascism and dictators merely because they are succeeding in war. From such adaptable natures a smell rises. I pinch my nose."

He is alarmed by anti-Semitism, "watching the phenomenon of intolerance . . . through tears of shame," and when the American flag is shown on the screen of a Florida movie theater, "I decided I could not clap for liberty and justice (for all) while I was in a theater from which Negroes had been barred." And he carefully observes and records the practical, every-day workings of democracy in his Maine community.

Yet, like many Americans, even though convinced of his duty to participate in the democratic process he exhibits an obvious reluctance to act except on the most local scale. Mr. White is often tolerant to a fault—in a stubborn refusal to be "rushed" from a "middle" or "liberal" position. For example after several anxious, even indignant pages, on the *Wave of the Future*, in which he proves that Anne Lindbergh is a thorough-going advocate of fascism as the future salvation of the world, Mr. White says, "and even after all my conclusions I do not believe that Mrs. Lindbergh is any more fascist-minded than I am, or that she wants a different sort of world, or that she is a defeatist."

One Man's Meat was at one time on the famous War Department index. But it is difficult to see how the most rabid Roosevelt-hater could find this book strongly pro-Roosevelt. It is true that Mr. White is consistently and thoughtfully in favor of international collaboration and thus is perhaps sufficiently subversive in official Republican eyes. Mr. White himself would be acutely uncomfortable to be called either a New Dealer or a Rugged Individualist, though like millions of his fellow-Americans he is a good deal of both. He recognizes the necessity for federal concern for the common man, yet the broadening of government services and controls worries him, too. How and where will it all end? And what will happen to

ALBERT

Maltz

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has written the story of one German who said "No." In his skilled hands it becomes a living symbol of the soul of man in travail and in triumph.

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"initiative"? He is concerned about these questions and undecided.

It is easy enough to find confusion in this book and contradictions—and even absurdities. At times he comes close to recommending ivory towers as a proper abode for writers, and even writes the following remarkably silly sentences: "Letters flourish not when writers amalgamate, but when they are contemptuous of one another," and "A despot doesn't fear eloquent writers preaching freedom—he fears a drunken poet who may crack a joke what will take hold." Here, as in many other places, Mr. White's practice is far better than his theory.

Despite these lacks the book does achieve a real unity, its divergencies bound together by a rich humor, exercised frequently at the author's own expense. It is the unity of progressive American public opinion today—cautious, modest, questioning, alternately hesitant and bold, with some nostalgia for the vanished past, with much hope for the unexplored future, energetic and resourceful, inseparably devoted to our democratic ideals and traditions.

DAVID MCKELVEY WHITE.

But Not This Day

THE DAY IS COMING, *by William Cameron. Macmillan. $3.00.*

AS A many-sided individual—craftsman, author, and revolutionary—whose efforts on behalf of the English workers produced some of the most pungent criticism of capitalism ever written by a literary man, William Morris is a good starting point for a novel about the proletariat. Yet the novelist must soon part with him in theory, for Morris was essentially a medievalist who opposed industrialization and would establish a society controlled by organizations of craftsman modelled after the early guilds. The unrealistic and reactionary aspects of guild socialism have been so thoroughly exposed by Marxism and history that it is hard to think of any one now offering it as the solution of our social problems. But William Cameron goes right down the line in his novel about an English disciple of Morris from 1887 to the beginning of this war.

The Day Is Coming is almost everything that a proletarian novel ought not to be. It is contemptuous of the ordinary worker, regarding him as too stupid and degraded to see the merits of guild socialism. It is condescending to women and chauvinistic about Jews. Full of bitterness and despair, it regards the strike and direct political action as futile. And finally it is defeatist or worse, assuming that there is no distinction between the warring capitalisms and that the intelligent man should therefore refuse to participate. Near the end of the novel Cameron must have been assailed by the full import of what he had written, for he attempts to ameliorate the hopelessness with a modernized *Vision of Piers Plowman* which convinces his hero that he should mount the soap box and preach salvation as Morris did.

The novel is written as the life of Arthur Cullen, who learns metal crafts in the Guild of English Craftsmen and becomes a member of the Guild community at Westencote, run on a system of cooperative craftsmanship. The first part, to the inevitable collapse of Westencote, is packed with interest. Morris, Oscar Wilde, and the young George Bernard Shaw appear in it. It is full of the social ferment of the day—of protests against exploitation, of trade union activity, of socialism, the First International, and of the social theories of Dr. Karl Marx. There are terrible pictures of London's East End with its pubs, quaint shops, rat pits, and degraded inhabitants. There is information about metal crafts and the training of apprentices. Cameron has obviously bolstered his own knowledge of the East End with a great deal of data that really comes alive in the first section of his book and in a few later passages. After Westencote the scope of the novel narrows to the personal experiences of Cullen who isolates himself from social movements and becomes tiresomely bitter. Except for passages about the workhouse, the general strike of 1926, and a few others, there are only boring diatribes against shoddy goods, repeated until one believes that Carlyle has been exhumed and wired for perpetual sound.

Cameron is no writer. At times he achieves power and horrifying effects by piling up details, but for the most part his is pedestrian prose which creaks loudly at the joints and sometimes snivels with bathos. With his personal understanding of workers, he manages to hit off characters like old Dick Purcell, the ex-Chartist, and Tom Brazier, the master metal workers, and by the time he has finished with Cullen one knows him inside out. Most of the other characters are sticks or historical simulacra. Cameron probably doesn't have the talent to write a really good novel, but he might have produced a very solid and respectable one. He

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hasn't, because he has blindly followed an untenable social theory into the slough of despond and is beckoning others to jump in with him.

CLIFFORD HALLAM.

I Meet Some Fuehrers

(*Continued from page* 14)

helping hand—and checkbook—to the ADNC.

I must confess that Harriss' appearance disappointed me. He did not at all measure up to my conception of what a big-shot broker and puller of mysterious wires must be like. In fact, he seemed a bit on the seedy side, and his eyes had that glassy look which I associate with a certain type of over-indulgence. He recalled that I had written unkindly of him in the past. I acknowledged I had written unkindly even if truthfully. For some reason which I couldn't fathom Harriss was eager to have a heart-to-heart talk with me. Since all the offices were occupied, we went into the corridor and stood near the elevator talking. For some fifteen minutes Harriss engaged me in earnest discourse. Since he pleaded with me not to quote him, I can only say that during most of those fifteen minutes he sought to persuade me that Charles E. Coughlin—about whose current activities he of course had no knowledge—was not, oh, most certainly not an anti-Semite or a Nazi sympathizer.

Perhaps I'm of a congenitally suspicious nature. Perhaps when genial Bill Goodwin makes cracks about people whose names used to be Weinstein (even when they didn't used to be), I ought to take it as good, clean, honest fun. And perhaps I shouldn't let a small matter like his having been sponsored by the Christian Front outweigh his own solid assurances that he is a friend of the Jews and a champion of tolerance. And maybe that gentle soul, Dr. Gleason L. Archer, is really one of nature's noblemen even though nature copied most of his intellectual physiognomy from something picked up on the Wilhelmstrasse. And perhaps generous Bob Harriss is a patriot after all even though he has fluttered around so much that smells of fascism. And the fact that these three gentlemen and others like them are working so hard to send to the White House an earnest young man now residing in Albany, N. Y. is perhaps just more evidence of the bedrock Americanism, liberalism, and integrity of the things that Governor Dewey stands for in this election.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

ERIC AMBLER—IN PERSON

By JOSEPH FOSTER

I AM a red-hot Eric Ambler fan. Long before his books had begun turning self-conscious pedants into insatiable adventure story addicts, a friend of mine in a publisher's office enthusiastically informed me that his House had a real find, a young English writer with a load of stuff. The name didn't mean anything to me, but at that time Ambler was practically unknown in this country. Consequently, reading *Cause For Alarm, Background to Danger, Journey into Fear,* and *Coffin for Dimitrios* was a real voyage of discovery. The building exterminator of unwanted small life who used to borrow my detective fiction continues to reread Ambler with loud cries of joy. All his friends do the same, he tells me, "because the guy sure makes you chew your knuckles." That evaluation will explain as well as any the fact that his books have gone through many printings. His works have been published as an omnibus, and in two-bit pocket size editions. He has been rated with Graham Green, Simenon, and Dashiell Hammett as one of the Big Four in thrill literature.

Ambler has recently been a visitor in this country doing morale films for the British army. Unfortunately, NEW MASSES discovered the fact only twenty-four hours before he was ready to fly back to England. When I requested an interview he could, therefore, give me very little time. I was granted a spot between Anatole Litvak (the film director) and Jose Ferrer (who last season played Iago to Robeson's Othello). There was also a matter of lunch and a one o'clock broadcast at CBS. He hoped I wouldn't take it amiss if he suggested that I hurry. I hurried.

In appearance, Ambler looks exactly like his photograph (you will find one on the back of the Penguin edition of *Background to Danger*), only now he wears the uniform of a British army captain. I couldn't ask him the traditional question about how he liked our teeming women and beautiful crowds, since he has lived here before, has an American wife, and, if his easy familiarity with country after country—as indicated by his work—is any criterion, probably knows New York at least as well as I do, if not better.

He anticipated what he thought would be an early question. How did he get to be a writer? Simple. He had tried nearly everything. Chemist, engineer, vaudevillean, piano player in a music hall, advertising agent, playwright. "But a writer! A writer can go anywhere, live anywhere—when conditions permit, of course."

AFTER the war he has plans for at least a dozen books, for which he already has specific outlines. "What sort of books. Intrigue novels? Novels of ideas?" Could he say something about them? He could not, or rather, he would not. Not even an introduction? He shook his head. A writer who likes to talk, like a daughter of joy, never stops at an introduction. He knew that once he began to discuss a story, he would talk himself out, and then lose all desire or energy to write it. Did I know about Villiers D'Lisle Adam? Adam was one of the most gifted of the *fin de siecle* Frenchmen. He loved to talk. Every night he would come down to the cafes and talk about the stories he had in mind. He would discuss plot. He analyzed characters and described his treatment of them. The literary bums listened and wrote down furiously every word he uttered. They swiped his plots and flourished. But Adam never wrote a word. It wasn't until his friends made him stop talking, locked him in his room to make sure he worked, that he began to get his work published. The sparrows, with no more crumbs to feed on, went back to their old jobs as tourist guides, and Adam became an established writer. "Not," Ambler smiled, "that I'm afraid of having my ideas lifted."

All this time Ambler was constantly busy answering bells. When it wasn't the telephone it was the door. Friends were calling up to say goodby. A messenger came in with a note from someone, the porter wanted to know if the luggage was ready, room service arrived with lunch. Time was running out. Although I have not mentioned it previously, this interview was to be mostly about the movies. I attacked frontally. I heard that he had been on most of the fighting fronts, making films for the troops. He talked in detail about one—a full length feature called *The Way Ahead.* It was a fictionally treated history of a British infantry platoon from its formation to its baptism by fire. Most of the cast was made up from army personnel. David Nivens had the lead role and the direction was by Carol Reed. According to present plans, it will be released through Twentieth Century-Fox sometime in November. He wouldn't say what he thought of it, but this time, you may be sure, his reticence was due to modesty. Without knowing anything about the movie, I was willing to bet him that it would be one of the better pictures of the war. He hoped so. At any rate, he conceded that *this* time, if the picture was lousy, it would be his own fault.

THE emphasis had reference to his other stories that were so maltreated. Did he have any theory about why his books were so badly interpreted by the screen? He could see no special reason. It wasn't that Hollywood couldn't make first-rate films from thriller novels. Far from it.

Take *The Thin Man, Maltese Falcon, Double Idemnity, Across the Pacific,* just to mention a few. As far as *his* titles were concerned, it was just bad luck. In each case the movie makers kept climbing around the issues embodied in the story. They were simply interested in the threads of the continuity. Reduced to narrative essentials what was finally left looked and sounded like every other melodrama. What surprised him most was that Orson Welles' Mercury Players, from whom he expected intelligent treatment, made the worst picture of them all—*Journey into Fear.*

"But Hollywood is quite a place, and anyone who denies that the American

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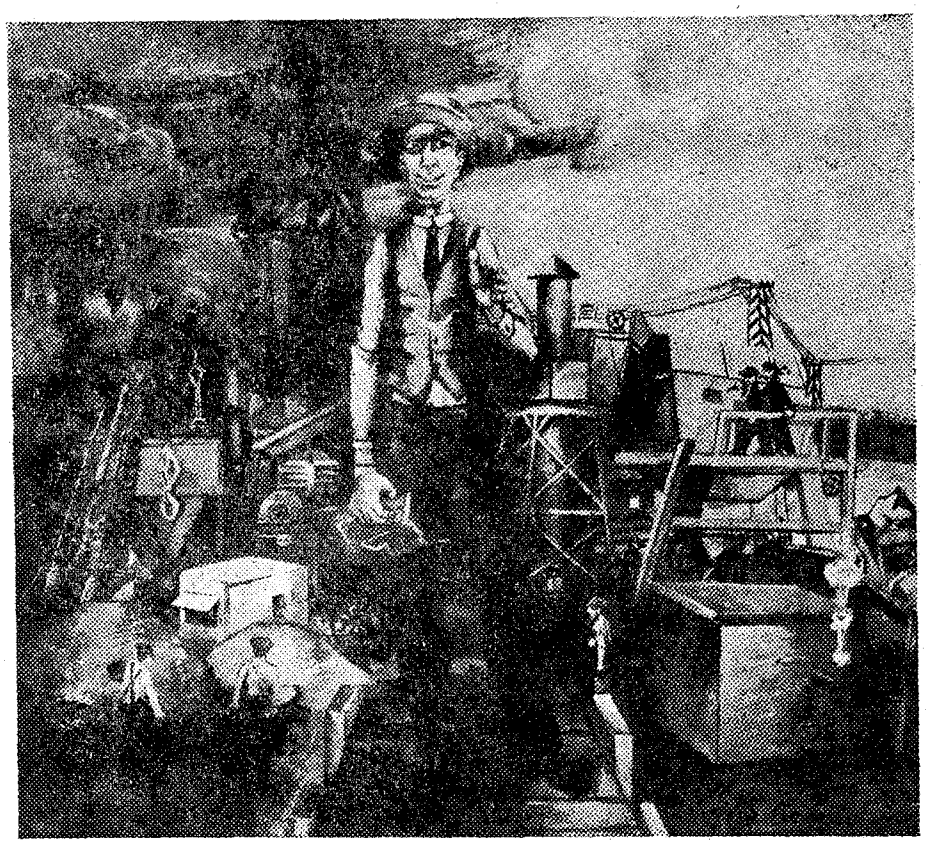
film industry has indicated its tremendous potential for the future, is just a smelly bag of prejudices." He looks for great things after the war. Of course, countries like France, Italy, and Yugoslavia, and even England and America, were going to want easy, relaxing entertainment, plenty of musicals, lots of cheesecake and similar confections. "But they won't be able to make escape films only, and when they get on to the serious things, they'll have to make honest and sincere pictures. No puffballs."

THE documentary would have a great influence on pictures in the future. Had I heard about John Grierson? Only that he was film commissioner for Canada and head of its National Film Board. He was a great deal more than that, Ambler pointed out. Of course since Canada had no private film industry, his present job made him top movie producer of the country. But what most Englishmen boasted about was that Grierson was the founder of the documentary. In fact he started a school in London—the first to use that word in connection with its work. Grierson studied the work of Flaherty (*Nanook of the North, Moana*) who specialized in native behavior, spontaneous movement and unadorned reporting, of the Frenchman Cavalcanti, the Dutchman Joris Ivens, the Dane Christiansen, the German Guttman (ante-Hitler, of course), all of whom had in common the capture of rhythmic movement and pattern in motion. They caught the flavor of city life, of human behavior and exploited the film's capacity for shaping these observations into an esthetic form. Naturally the work of the Russians—Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Turin, Dovshenko—demanded a lot of careful scrutiny. The Russians developed irony through the use of montage, and mastered the art of visual and sound juxtaposition. They also developed the technique of mass effect and movement based on unstaged observation. In creating his documentary film center, Ambler said, Grierson used all these techniques. He had in mind the relating of the average citizen to his civic behavior. He called it the "doorstep" formula. Mr. Citizen, Grierson claimed, should be informed about matters like housing, nutrition, the place of the worker in industry, etc.

If Canada had no film industry, how did the films get distributed? Through schools, churches, rural centers, and the like. Grierson was not only a first-rate producer. He worked to get the stuff around. Millions have seen his pictures not only in Canada but in England as well, and now he, Ambler, understood that some of the films were being distributed in the states. I agreed that if *Partners in Production*, a Canadian Film Board item, was an index of Grierson's work, I accepted everything he said of him. (As an exposition on labor-management it is miles ahead of anything we have done in this country.) Grierson is also a great guy for developing new talent. Take Elton, Wright, Legg, Anstey, and others. Knowing nothing about any of these except Legg, I told him that I would take them on his say-so.

At this point the telephone informed Ambler that his taxi was waiting. He suddenly remembered the broadcast. He grabbed his cap, yelled some instructions into the mouthpiece about Ferrer, who had yet to show up, and hurried out. He hoped, as he got into a cab, the war would soon be over, and that maybe we might soon meet for another talk.

Amen to that.



"The Big Noise," oil by Philip Evergood. Now at the ACA Gallery.

End of a Retreat

"THUNDER ROCK," which once failed as a Group Theater production several years ago, is currently at the World Theater as a motion picture. Made in England, the film is as successful as the American stage play was a failure. The confused play fluctuated between anti-fascist action and defeatism. I saw the dramatic production twice, and I recall that not once did it make a clear statement concerning any of the issues it prattled about. As a motion picture, made by Charter Films, an English organization, it treats the subject of anti-fascist struggle with adult understanding and in a forthright fashion—without calling upon the aid of comic relief, a secondary theme, or any of the antics producers often feel are necessary in a serious treatment.

Briefly, the story is based upon the actions of an anti-fascist correspondent who runs away to a lighthouse somewhere in Michigan when he feels that the problems of the world are too much for an honest man. He recalls to his friend, in flashback, how he saw the rise of reaction growing from the conquest of Manchuria to the overrunning of Ethiopia, from the Spanish War to the Munich fable of "peace in our time." He tried to warn the people, but when, in Europe's darkest hour, he found himself talking to empty seats, he felt that enough was enough. He refuses to admit the charge of cowardice, with which his friends characterize his retreat to solitude in the lighthouse, but when he is alone he continues to argue the question with himself.

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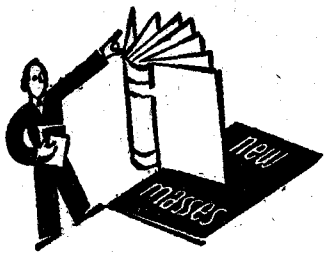

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The film uses the same dramatic device employed in the play. From the log of a foundered ship, the journalist recreates characters who sailed from Europe some ninety years ago. Among them is a doctor who fled Vienna because his single-handed fight to use chloroform aroused the people to mayhem. There is also a feminist, who finally got discouraged in her fight for women, and a worker, who tried to solve backbreaking conditions by striking it rich in the Alaskan gold fields.

When the journalist gets around to seeing these people in their true light, he realizes that even though they were courageous pioneers in various fields, they skipped when the going got tough. He points out to them in his mental byplay, that even though it looked hopeless then, the issues they fought for are now long-established victories. Women's suffrage, trade unions, the use of anesthesia, are as commonplace as cricket. But *his* complaint is another matter. The things they worried about were as matchsticks compared to the redwood of modern trouble. Today, sinister forces overrun the world. When there was a chance to fight off the menace people were too complacent to do anything about it. So the hell with them.

This subjective bout continues, as the argument covers all the familiar dodges of a man trying to justify a questionable act. When he thinks he has settled everything to his satisfaction, the opposition lands a haymaker. The most intellectual of his mind's characters points out that although the fighters for various causes ran away, the issues were nevertheless licked. The world has a way of moving forward. The journalist realizes that all battles are tough, and at times, though the prospects of victory seem dim, running away makes them no brighter.

One of the film's major defects is in picturing the correspondent fighting his battles alone. I know for a fact, that both here and in England, when a prominent writer indicated a willingness to speak to an anti-fascist gathering, he had no difficulty in filling the seats, thousands of them. However, that is beside the main line of the film, which argues that even when things look very grey, victory may be closer than you think, and running away is only an act of individual defeat.

The picture, difficult to handle, since the burden of its run rests upon speech rather than action, is beautifully controlled by director Ray Boulting and by actors Michael Redgrave as the journalist, Barbara Mullin as the feminist, and Frederick Valk as the doctor.

J. F.

The Corn Doth Grow

WHILE THE SUN SHINES, *a comedy by Terrace Rattigan, presented by Max Gordon at the Lyceum Theater. Staged by George S. Kaufman in a setting by Edward Gilbert.*

"WHILE The Sun Shines"
The corn doth grow,
The corn doth grow from bell to knell.
The Earl is Leslie Howard when
Not Stanley Bell.

"While The Sun Shines"
His love is off.
His love is off, another's on:
The Earl has lost, the Earl is sunk—
The Earl has won!

"While The Sun Shines"
His mistress true,
His mistress true retires most nobly:
She cannot stay in one man's bed,
She must sleep globely.

"While The Sun Shines"
His rivals two,
His rivals two are cliche run:
The Frenchman's slick, the American
A son-of-a-gun!

"While The Sun Shines"
Melville Cooper,
Melville Cooper is Duke of Uyr,
A raffish povert with a daughter,
Charming Anne Burr.

"While The Sun Shines"
Cathleen Cordell,
Cathleen Cordell plays the mistress.
Lewis Howard and Alex Ivo
Start the distress.

"While The Sun Shines"
One act is fun,
One act is fair, the rest is shoddy:
A tailored plot, machine-made laughs,
Vanishing body.

HARRY TAYLOR.

RECORDS

PAUL ROBESON sings the new Anthem of the USSR in the first American recorded version recently released by Keynote. Robeson is of course a strikingly appropriate choice for this introduction. No American could do more justice to this stirring anthem of a free people. With great depth of feeling, with incomparable resonance and

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strength, Robeson beautifully expresses the respect and gratitude toward the Soviet Union shared by all of intelligent mankind. This is a memorable performance.

The anthem, as is well known, was selected from many musical and lyrical texts submitted in a country-wide competition. It is simple, forceful, eloquent. The music, by A. V. Alexandrov, as many musical commentators have already pointed out, conveys the devotion and pride suitable for a national anthem. It is easily sung, in the idiom of Russian folk composition, lending itself naturally to choral treatment. The words by S. Mihalkov and E. L. Registan (in the English, text by H. Zaret) have the same quality, expressing the unity and confidence of a democratic nation. The first verse and chorus follow:

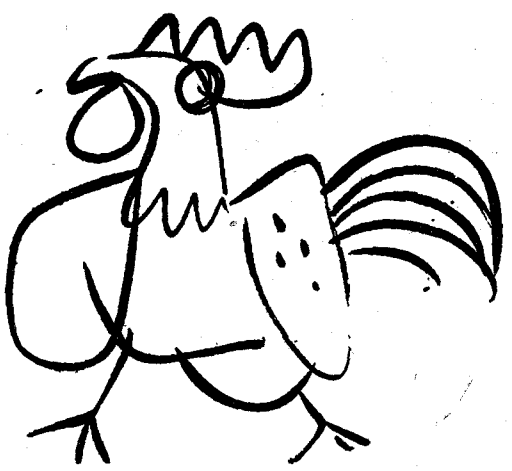
United forever in friendship and labor,
Our mighty republic will ever endure;
The great Soviet Union will live through the ages,
The dream of a people, their fortress secure.

Long live our Soviet motherland,
Built by the people's mighty hand,
Long live her people united and free;
Strong in a friendship tried by fire,
Long may her crimson flag inspire,
Shining in glory for all men to see.

Other verses refer with pride to Lenin and Stalin under whose banner the people fought for the future, destroying the invader.

This excellent recording is a Russian War Relief edition. On the reverse side Paul Robeson sings Shostakovich's "The United Nations." The combination is an inspiriting victory message.

SAMUEL SILLEN.



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Back the Attack With War Bonds

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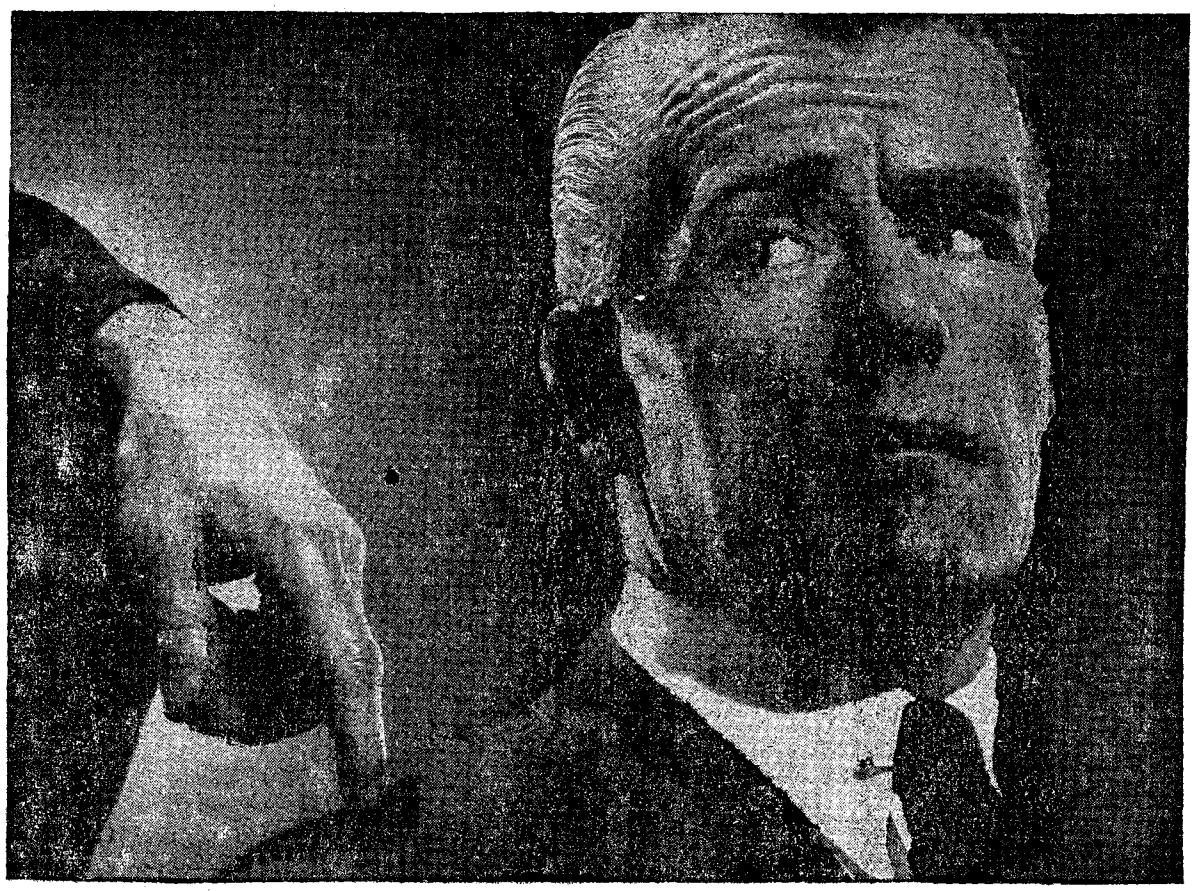

How about spending the next 5 minutes in hell?

FOR the next few minutes, imagine that you're an American soldier.

You might, for instance, imagine that you're a 20-year-old kid from Indiana, who got hit at Salerno, months ago.

Since then, you've been lying in a base hospital somewhere, with a leg that never stops hurting and a hole in your belly that makes the younger nurses sick when they try to dress it.

Or you might imagine that you're a war prisoner in an enemy hospital. For nearly two years now, you've been ill and weak and hopeless. And ahead of you lies a gray stretch of more sickness and weakness—while you try to keep alive the hope that somehow, sometime, you'll see your home again.

It doesn't make much difference where you let your mind take you—just as long as you put yourself in one of the spots where, at this minute, men are going through as real a hell as this earth ever sees. But do it, won't you?

If your imagination is any good at all, you'll dig down deep this year for your New York War Fund. For your money, through the U.S.O. Camp Shows and the War Prisoners' Aid, will help the boy in the hospital forget, for a little while, his hurt. It will give the man in the hospital new hope to carry him through.

When you give, you give just once, for all. So give all you can—

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(Space contributed by the editors of NEW MASSES.)

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